The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Mr. Swinburne's forthcoming prose work, "The Age of Shakespeare," the most interesting and most important of the autumn publishing announcements, comprises critical essays on Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Cyril Tourneur, and presents the Age of Elizabeth as it is seen in the pages of the great Elizabethan dramatists.

In his recent book on Egypt, Lord Cromer paid a very high compliment to Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall as one of the shrewdest and most reliable of authorities on Oriental life and character. For many years Mr. Pickthall lived in Syria, and he has spent much of his time in Egypt; last year on the suggestion of certain persons who take a particular interest in the land of the Pharaohs and were desirous that a faithful picture of the native as he is should be put before the public over here, he went out again to Egypt and travelled and dwelt amongst the common people, speaking, of course, the native tongue, and for the most part also wearing the native dress. As a result of these studies he has now completed "The Children of the Nile"—a novel in which he has set himself to give an unflinchingly true presentation of the Egyptian native, the curious workings of his mind, and his general attitude towards life. The book is to be published by Mr. Murray.

The author of "Leaves from a Life" has written another volume of racy recollections that she is calling "More Leaves from a Life." It will be published very shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Mr. H. C. Bailey has just finished a new story—a Cromwellian romance to which he has given the title of "Colonel Stow."

Mr. Joseph Conrad is at work on another novel in which he turns again from writing of the sea to deal with the life of cities and the sort of social theme that he handled with such brilliant success in "The Secret Agent" and in some of the stories of his latest volume, "A Set of Six."

Messrs. Elliot Stock are issuing at once the twenty-second volume of their invaluable "Book Prices Current." It contains nearly ten thousand entries, and is apparently the most comprehensive volume of the series, covering very much more ground than any of its predecessors.

Mr. Lewis Melville has made a special study of eighteenth-century life and literature, and his

Mr. Walter Herries Pollock,
Whose new book, "Impressions of Henry Irving," is reviewed on page 223.

two books on the Georges, "The First Gentleman of Europe" and "Farmer George," have won the suffrages of both critics and public. He has now completed a new volume, "The First George," which deals with George I. and his time in Hanover and in England. Mr. Melville's studies in German history have convinced him that George I. was far more intelligent than is commonly supposed, and that if his abilities were not remarkable, at least they were not contemptible. One of the most interesting features of the book is the evidence Mr. Melville is able to bring forward in disproof of the well-known stories of George's immorality; his life was not blameless, but Mr. Melville is satisfied that, considering the age in which he lived, it was by no means scandalous. The book is to be published immediately by Messrs. Pitman.

Mr. George Greenwood, whose "Shakespeare Problem Re-Stated" has been causing some little excitement in critical dovecotes, is Liberal Member of Parliament for Peterborough. From his early years he has been an enthusiastic admirer of the works of Shakespeare, and, almost since he first read the life of the great dramatist, has had doubts as to the authorship of the plays. "I found in that biography," he says, "some meagre details of a Stratford boy, born of illiterate parents, who, I was informed, had no learning and who passed from calf-killing to poaching, from poaching to play-acting, and from play-acting (and of course play-writing) to money-lending. This was indeed a shock. It was like getting a mouthful of sand instead of a draught from the Castalian spring. So little seemed to be known of him who was not of an age but for all time —so little, and yet so much too much!" Coming to read more elaborate modern biographies, he says, he found they added nothing to our knowledge of the man—"that all the additions to this pitiful life were mere assumptions and imagination and fanciful 'might-have-beens,' while the methods pursued were not only uncritical in the extreme, but, in many instances, positively dishonest."

This sense of the Shakespearean mystery grew upon Mr. Greenwood with a wonderful fascination; he began to read what earlier sceptics had written about it, joined in discussions about it in the rooms of his old friend, Dr. Jackson, at Trinity College, Cambridge, and elsewhere, until at long last he felt it might be useful to put the case for the sceptics into shape and restate the evidence and arguments for their doubts without allowing himself to be led away "into the bewildering maze of Baconian speculation. I knew, of course," he confesses, "that I was exposing myself to all the penalties of the greater excommunication, but, having received kindly encouragement from Mr. John Lane, I decided to launch my torpedo-boat, and do not regret having done so." Mr. Greenwood has endured some hard knocks for his daring, but he has also received very gratifying letters from many on "the other side,"

Photo by A. F. Healey, Peterborough.

Mr. George Greenwood, M.P.

and from more on his own. At present he is engaged on an article for the *Review of Reviews* dealing with the criticisms on his book and making further reflections and observations on Shakespeare's schooling at the Stratford-on-Avon Free Grammar School.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., the newest of new publishers, announce that they are putting out popular shilling editions in cloth of Mr. Crosland's "Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman."

Mr. J. J. Bell.

One of the occasions on which an author feels small.

So many volumes have been compiled from *Punch*, it is somewhat surprising that nobody has thought of making a collection of the poems that have appeared in its pages, but one is not sorry this has been left undone, since it has been fittingly reserved for one of *Punch's* own famous editors to do it at last. Sir Francis C. Burnand has made a selection of the best poems that have appeared in *Punch* from its beginning to the present day, Mr. Owen Seaman having co-operated with him in deciding upon those of recent years that should be included. Sir Francis has written a special preface for the volume, which will be issued in October by Messrs. Harrap.

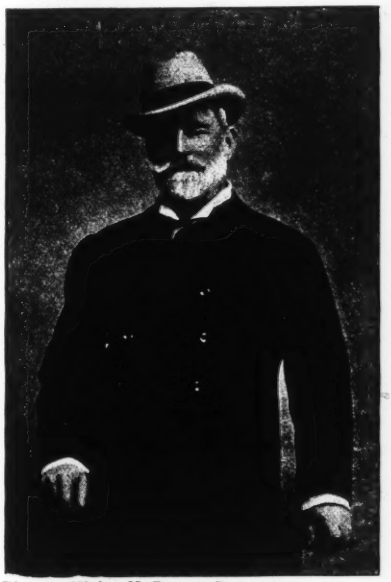

Photo by Walter H. Barrett, Ramsgate.

Sir Francis C. Burnand.

Mr. J. J. Bell, whose new novel, "Whither Thou Goest," is to be issued immediately, has been taking an unconventional holiday afloat and has just returned from a cruise on a whaler.

"The Other Man's Wife," a new novel by Mr. Frank Richardson, will be issued this autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Two interesting books that Mr. Murray has in hand are a history of the British Parliament from its beginning, which has been written by Professor J. H. B. Masterman of the Birmingham University; and "The Book of the War," which has been translated by Captain R. F. Calthrop, R.F.A. This latter, one of the oldest books of the world, has for twenty-five centuries been the "military Bible" of the Far East; it was written by Suntzu and Wutzu, two Chinese strategists of about the fifth century B.C., and deals with questions of statecraft, the training of troops, strategy, and the general art of war.

Miss Ellen Terry's reminiscences, "The Story of my Life," will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson this month. It is a personal story of the great actress's career, and has much to tell of famous people she has known both in the theatrical world and in private life. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits of Miss Terry, the members of her family, and of well-known men and women with whom she has been associated, and with reproductions of paintings by Watts, Sargeant, Solomon, Whistler, and other celebrated artists.

"Arthur's," a book by Mr. A. Neil Lyons that Mr. John Lane is to publish, is very far from being

a history of the fashionable club of that name in St. James's Street; it is a study of low life as it is seen from the counter of a night coffee-stall, of which "Arthur" is the proprietor. Those who have read Mr. Lyons's two earlier books, "Hookey" and "Matilda's Mabel," will not need to be told that none of our younger novelists writes with a keener eye for the pathos and humour of life among the London poor. "Arthur's" was written four years ago, and since its completion Mr. Lyons has become a Socialist; for some time past his short stories have been a popular weekly feature of *The Clarion*, and he is following "Arthur's" next year with two books that are similar in design but more Socialistic in their outlook: one a series of stories having for their background the Consulting Room of a "Sixpenny Doctor" in the East End, and the other dealing with peasant life in Buckinghamshire and Sussex. For, though Mr. Lyons has lived much in London and made a special and sympathetic study of its street-life, he has for some years now had his home in the country, believing that, as the looker-on sees most of the game, so the extraordinary conditions governing the lives of the poor in large towns can be more keenly appreciated by those who dwell apart from them.

Amongst the new novels that Messrs. Hutchinson announce for September are "Rose of Life," by Miss Braddon, "Elusive Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, "Hilary on her Own," by Mabel Barnes Grundy, and "Marriage of Blackmail," by Lady Troubridge.

A Book Trade dinner, which is being organised by the newly formed Publishers' Circle, is to be held at the Trocadero Restaurant on October 9, and Sir George Otto Trevelyan has consented to speak to the toast of Literature. All the principal publishers and booksellers of this country will be present; a large number of distinguished authors are coming as guests of their publishers, and a few representatives of the continental book trade are also expected. The President of the Publishers' Association, Mr. Edward Bell, will be in the chair, and Mr. H. W. Keay, the President of the Booksellers' Association, will occupy the vice-chair. The proposal has, it may be added, received the approval of the Authors' Society.

The Publishers' Circle was formed as the outcome of suggestions made at a recent General Meeting of the Publishers' Association, the main object of the Club being to meet once a month and discuss informally topics of common interest. The meetings have already been found useful in promoting social intercourse and understanding among publishers, and it is hoped during the autumn to widen considerably its sphere of influence. A few weeks ago the Circle entertained at luncheon the members of the Council of the Publishers' Association, of which, indeed, it is a social and friendly offshoot, for only members of the Association are eligible for election. Its Chairman is Mr. Arthur Waugh.

The remarkable series of reprints that Messrs. Nelson are arranging to publish in their new "Shilling Library" includes no fiction and nothing but recent copyright books in Biography, History, Travel, and Belles Lettres. The first twelve volumes are to appear during October, November, and December, four being published each month, and amongst them are to be Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Gladstone," Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens," Dean Hole's "Memories," Mr. Prothero's "Life of Dean Stanley," Mr. Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age," and "The Great Boer War," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Photo by Algernon S. G. Bellchambers, Hayward's Heath.

Mr. A. Neil Lyons.

Henry Charles Woods

1907

Mr. Woods's new book, "Washed by Four Sea," is reviewed on page 229.

An amazing enterprise, when the price is considered, and every lover of good books will wish it success.

Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., has done the drawings for "Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians," a book which Mr. John N. Raphael has written and Messrs. A. & C. Black are to publish.

Mr. Charles Granville, whose novel attacking the marriage laws, "The Indissoluble Knot," has just been issued by the Open Road Publishing Co., has two other new books coming out this month with the same firm: one is an allegory, "The Plaint of the Wandering Jew," and the other a book of verse which he is calling "Some Emotions."

Mr. Edward F. Strange, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has compiled a full descriptive catalogue of the etched and engraved work of Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E., and a strictly limited edition of the book will be published presently by Messrs. George Allen & Sons. The volume will contain an appreciation of Mr. Short's work by Mr. E. F. Strange, and several hitherto unpublished letters from Mr. Ruskin.

The third number of that quaint little monthly, "The Broadside," has just been issued by the Cuala Press. It consists of three characteristic drawings by Jack B. Yeats, two of them hand coloured, and an excellent lyric by Ernest Rhys, "The Swordsman to his Sword," which opens:

"You are light in my hand
As a windrush might be,—
Ay, so light
As the froth on the sand,
Or the foam on the sea,
And as bright."

"The Uttermost Farthing" is a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes that is appearing forthwith. It is a story of modern life, and will make one of Mr. Heinemann's new series of shorter novels.

Mrs. Ady is adding to her studies in the history of mediæval Italy two volumes dealing with the life of that soldier, statesman, scholar, and "perfect courtier," Baldassare Castiglione. Mr. Murray is publishing the book, which is the result of years of research, and for the first time prints many of the letters of Castiglione that are preserved in the Vatican Library.

Professor Farmer, of the Royal College of Science, is editing a series of volumes to which the general title of "The Book of Nature Study" has been given. The work is intended to serve as a guide to parents and teachers in introducing children to the study of nature, and will be popular in style, the different subjects being dealt with by experts and experienced teachers. It is to be elaborately illustrated, and will be published by the Caxton Publishing Company.

The scene of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Interplay," is laid in London, and amongst its principal characters are an arctic explorer, a half-witted violin-maker, a fashionable doctor, a smug bank manager, and a Kensington lady with a past. The book will be published this month.

We are indebted to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. John Long, and the Amalgamated Press Limited, who have courteously permitted us to reproduce certain of the portraits and illustrations in this issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1, 1908.

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BLAIKIE, REV. JAMES.—The Story of the Pharaohs. 7s. 6d. net.
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HODGSON, GERALDINE, B.A.—Studies in French Education from Rabelais to Rousseau. 3s. 6d. net.
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MACPHERSON, WILLIAM, M.A.—Principles and Method in the Study of English Literature. 2s. net.
PRZIBRAM, HANS.—Experimental Zoology. Part I. Embryogeny. (English Translation.) 7s. 6d. net
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"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best three quotations in verse or prose, in which an author makes reference to his private hobby or diversion.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MR. A. JEFFERY, 46, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E., for the following:

LOVE AND THE POOR SUITOR. BY PERCY WHITE.

"The little maid replied, some say a little sighed,
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in, make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"
Old Rhyme—Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes.

It is remarkable in how many instances this month the same quotation applied to the same book has been sent in by from two to six competitors. Among the best of the others submitted are:

STORIES FROM THE ODYSSEY. RETOLD BY H. L. HAVELL, B.A.

"It's ollers askin' to be done agin'."—LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

MISCELLANIES. BY JOHN MORLEY.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.—LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss Dorothy Taylor, St. Kilda, Westbourne Avenue, Hull; and Miss E. M. Gray, 20, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol.)

LOVE'S SHADOW. BY ADA LEVERSON.

"I'll go and find a shadow and sigh till he come."
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It.*

(Miss Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

ARTICLE ON "HENLEY THE POET." BY Y.Y.

"Full of Y.Y. (wise) saws and modern instances."
SHAKESPEARE.

(Miss T. E. MacDonald, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

STANLEY WEYMAN

(*apropos* his decision to write no more novels).

"On, Stanley, on!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion*.

(Miss Margareta Anne Phelps, 17, Trafalgar Terrace, Monkstown, Dublin; Miss Philip, 35, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.; Miss V. Huish, 103, Kedleston Road, Derby; and Mr. A. Jeffery, 46, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

THE ART OF SINGING. By SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."—*Author Unknown*.

(Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton.)

THE INEVITABLE LAW. By E. F. PENNY.

"That eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."
TENNYSON, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*.

(John G. Mannings, 26, Queen's Road, Norwich.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the two most striking examples in literature of contemporary judgments that have been upset by posterity is awarded to MR. B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

1. DOUGLAS JERROLD ON CHARLES MACKAY.

"Happy is the privilege of genius that can float down the 'hungry generations'; and so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with the simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow, but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess."

2. GIFFORD ON KEATS.

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype. . . . His nonsense is quite gratuitous: he writes it for its own sake, and being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

Excellent examples have also been received from Mr. T. E. Casson (Pennington), Rev. J. M. Sevin (Holland), Mr. J. Jackson (Stretford, Lancs.), Mr. Edward M. Layton (Lee, S.E.), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Mr. EDWARD M. LAYTON, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E.

STUDIES IN SOLITARY LIFE. By W. R. TITTERTON. (New Age Press.)

This is a collection of stories and sketches, the keynote of which is a sympathetic rendering of the environment and personality of men and women who in some way or other have lost touch with their fellow creatures. Through the realism of Mr. Titterton's studies there shines the glow of romance. He possesses the magic of a style at once vivid and forceful, which yet does not obliterate his subjects by undue emphasis. Some of the sketches reveal a didactic purpose, some betray the bias of a reformer; but all are interesting, stimulative, and genuinely literary.

Other reviews submitted are:

THE MATTERHORN. By GUIDO REY. (Fisher Unwin.)

A whole book on one mountain, but not a chapter too many. The writer, an Italian, is an enthusiast on mountaineering, and the cold and unresponsive peak of the Matterhorn attracted his attention. Here was something to conquer, a battle to fight, and he would win or die in the attempt. His graphic description takes us completely out of ourselves, and we come down from our travels upwards and onwards, glad that there is one who can see and understand and depict the wonders of the mountain he has conquered and learnt to love.

(F. S. Alexander, 52, Aberdeen Road, Highbury, N.)

"THE NUN." By RENÉ BAZIN. (Nash.)

This is a successful translation of a recent and popular French novel. The book conquers by its pathos, which is irresistible and heart-searching; and the central character, Sister Pascale, whom everybody loved—well, we who read about her love her too. We feel the pressure of the iron hand of Fate as it closes round her, slowly and inexorably, and we mourn as the curtain falls, and the final thunderclap of catastrophe is heard; yet behind our mourning we are consoled by that blessed sense of the inevitable which marks all that soars into the empyrean of novel writing.

(Miss Beatrice M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

LOVE'S SHADOW. By ADA LEVERSON. (Grant Richards.)

In "Love's Shadow" Mrs. Leverson has written a truly striking and most original book, which possesses what one so seldom meets in the modern novel, the charm of complete naturalness. There is nothing forced in the story and all the characters are extraordinarily consistent, especially Mrs. Raymond, who is the best person in the book. The scenes between Bruce and Edith, Hyacinth's love for Cecil, Lady Cannon, Anne Yeo, and indeed all the characters combine to make the novel one of the most human and lifelike stories I have ever read.

(Miss Godley, Font Hill, Chapelizod, co. Dublin.)

THE PEDESTAL. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman & Hall.)

This thoughtful story insists on sympathy as the paramount power in education. The methods of the adoring but uncomprehending mother are nearly as fatal as those of the well-meaning but over-severe father, while the only sympathetic character in the book is the only person of real influence. The author's own sympathies are marvellously wide; his intuition is as subtle as a woman's. In "The Comedy of Age" he became an elderly man; in "The Pedestal," for a few pages, he becomes a child. He possesses, too, the rarest quality in a young writer, self-restraint.

(Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.)

We have received a very large number of papers for this Competition, and amongst them several equally good reviews, that limitations of space prevent us including with those we have printed, from C. N. Verschoyle (Bournemouth), Miss Ursula Wyllie (Red Hill), Arthur O'Connor (Birmingham), George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.), Miss Isabel Whyte (Hyde Park, W.), Ernest Marjoribanks (Stoke-on-Trent), Chas. R. Green (Liverpool), L. Welby (Shanklin), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), F. A. Tonvy (Bow, E.), and others.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by the REV. J. W. BROWN, Kasteel, Gemert, Holland, and MR. E. M. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

THE READER.

ROBERT S. HICHENS.

THERE is a sort of tradition that every writer of novels commences his career as a writer of poetry, and if Mr. Robert Hichens did not break this unwritten law he did not altogether respect it, for he began by writing both, though he did not at the outset regard either as the special business of his life. His first real ambition, the one absorbing purpose that

"Like Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest,"

was to become a musician; he sacrificed a career at Oxford to this end, and, leaving Clifton College, studied music for some years at Bristol, and at the Royal College in London. His instruments were the piano and the organ, and he acquired a considerable mastery of them; he never made his début as a professional and received cheques in addition to applause, but he played several times in public at charity concerts with encouraging success. Some men are gifted with a capacity for contenting themselves by mistaking the will to achieve for the power to achieve; but Mr. Hichens has a healthy instinct for looking facts in the face, a long-sighted faculty of self-criticism, and no small conceit that can be gratified with pleasant tickling; and presently he decided that though he should practise for a lifetime he could not make a great musician of himself, and as soon as he was sure of this he abandoned the attempt.

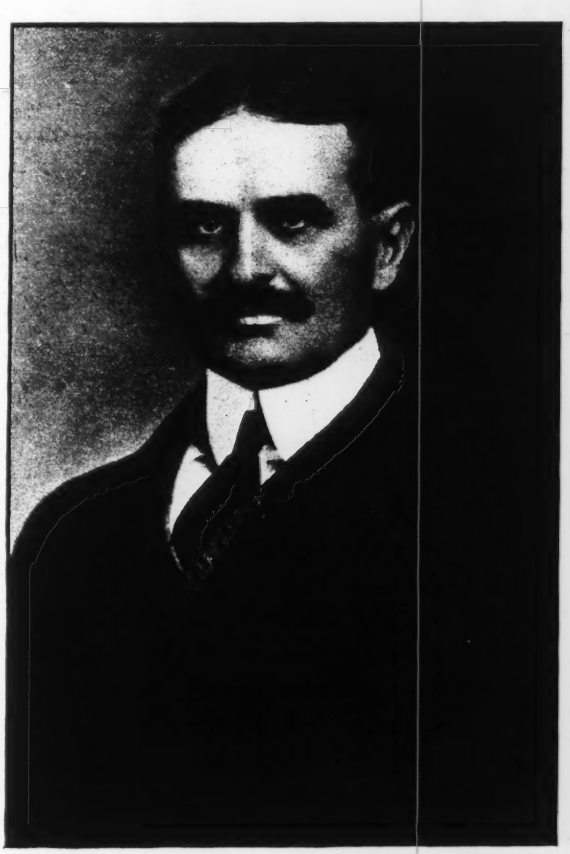


Photo by Elliott & Fry. Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

Meanwhile, in this same experimental period, he had been writing tales, essays, recitations—one of these latter, by the way, "A Lesson in Love," was for a long time a popular item in Mr. Herman Vezin's repertoire;—he wrote also scores of lyrics for music, earning one year over a hundred pounds from that source alone. Almost the first lyric that he sold, "If at your Window," was set to music by Miss Ethel Harraden (sister of Miss Beatrice Harraden); another, "A Kiss and Good-Bye," was set by Tito Mattei and sung by Madame Patti at the Albert Hall.

"In the natural pride of my heart," Mr. Hichens will own, "I took a seat in the stalls, and waited in a fever of anxiety to hear how it would come off. It was received with such enthusiastic applause that, as you may guess, I was lifted into a delirious heaven of delight, but as Madame Patti was returning, at length, in response to insistent cries of 'Encore!' I was suddenly tumbled headlong down out of my heaven and all my pride knocked flat by the overhearing of two voices from the seats immediately behind me. 'What a lovely song that was!' one exclaimed rapturously. 'Yes,' the other grudgingly agreed, 'but what awful rot the words of these songs always are!'"

Mr. Hichens was born in 1864, eldest son of Canon Hichens, Rector of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury; and he was about twenty-four when he realised that there was no sufficient future for him as a musician, and began to shape his course for a different goal. So far, he had been writing stories largely for his private amusement; there were two long novels that he never attempted or intended to publish; a third, "The Coastguard's Secret," written when he was seventeen, he had some time before brought forth and offered to a publisher. Having no experience in such matters, he accounted it a good sign when that publisher expressed a willingness to bear half the risk of publishing, shouldered the other half himself, and so saw his first novel in print.

The book was not unkindly received; the *Athenæum*, indeed, was rather nice to it; but it merely languished and died, and has long been out of print. You cannot lead Mr. Hichens to say much more than that it was a kind of ghost story; he insists, too, that it was a very bad one—just the crude sort of production you would expect from a youngster still in his 'teens; and when after the success of "The Green Carnation" the publisher urged that it was now worth while to issue a new edition, he was filled with dire alarm and almost by prayer and fasting dissuaded him from doing so.

Seeking the best way towards his new goal, Mr. Hichens became a pupil at the late David Anderson's

Photo by Elliott & Fry. Taken in 1901.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

School of Journalism; Mr. Francis Gribble had left it shortly before he joined, and amongst his fellow-pupils were Mr. Bernard Hamilton, Mr. Guy Berringer, and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe. Do you remember those delightfully amusing chapters in "Felix" describing Sam Carringbridge's School of Journalism in the Strand? Sam's terms, his manner, and methods tally nearly enough with what Mr. Hichens tells of his experiences with David Anderson. At a loose end in London, Felix, then a young fellow of one-and-twenty, meets Hugo Arliss, learns that he is "a sucking Kipling" studying at Sam's School of Journalism, and eagerly accepts his offer of an introduction to that institution. He calls, is summoned into Mr. Carringbridge's presence, and finds him large, handsome, urbane, beautifully dressed, smoking a fragrant cigar.

"'Mr. Hugo Arliss told me about your school,' Felix began, in an unusually low voice, and feeling soothed almost as if by a narcotic.

"'Mr. Arliss, a charming, intelligent, gentlemanly fellow. I am very much attached to h-im,' said Mr. Carringbridge, aspirating the 'h' with a peculiar precision, as if he knew there were in the world barbarians who left out their h's, and was determined to make up to that letter for their neglect, so far as it lay in his power to do so.

"'I met him in France,' said Felix.

"'Delicious country,' said Mr. Carringbridge with tender enthusiasm. 'Do you speak French?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ah, what an advantage to you! Every one should speak French. How fortunate for you, wonderfully so indeed! If you were a journalist, you would be a blessing to Reuter.'

"Felix began to feel unpleasantly warm and self-contented.

"'Arliss advised me—to see if I could enter at your school for a year,' he said. 'I am very keen on trying to write.'

"'It is a great profession. The journalist is a power. . . . You know my terms?'

Felix jumped—the last sentence came with such a mellifluous abruptness from Mr. Carringbridge's bright red lips.

"'No. Arliss didn't——'

"'Dear careless fellow. One hundred guineas, payable to me on the day I sign the agreement. You merely hand me your cheque and I bind myself forthwith to give you the advantage—if it be one, possibly not!—of my personal experience and teaching for one whole year, and to allow you the free and unfettered use of the writing-hall you have just passed through. I also give you ink——'

"A generous smile illumined his face.

"'It's awfully good of you,' Felix had murmured, before he knew that he was going to murmur anything.

"'But not pens and paper. I find young men prefer to consult their personal taste in those matters, and therefore I give them free scope. About ink there is less divergence of opinion, and mine, I believe, gives general satisfaction. I am glad if it is so. I never drive the young.'

"'No?' said Felix.

"'Never. I lead them, perhaps. I show them what a man can do, has done. You see the volumes on that table? . . . Those contain the leading articles written by me for the *Daily Recorder* during twenty-five years of active journalistic life. My pupils can read them at any time.'

"'You must have worked tremendously hard,' said Felix, counting the volumes.

On the left, Batouch, the Arab poet of "The Garden of Allah"; on the right, one of Mr. Hichens's Arab attendants. Taken at Biskra.

" There were eight of them, and they were tremendously fat. He felt alwost awe-stricken. Mr. Carringbridge indulged himself and Felix in a lotus-eating smile.

" ' I have been through the mill,' he replied lazily. . . . ' If my pupils like to take me as an example they would do well to follow,' he continued, ' they can. I come up from Brighton every day by the nine o'clock train. But I never drive them. I trust them. I rely on them. I give them complete liberty. When do you propose to come ? "

Whatever Felix did at Sam's school, Mr. Hichens worked hard at David Anderson's, writing all manner of descriptive and leading articles and submitting them to his criticism. At the same time he was sending manuscripts to the magazines and newspapers, having many rejected, and a steadily increasing number accepted. About this date, and in the few succeeding years, he contributed miscellaneous articles to the *European Mail* and the *Evening Standard*, and, like so many other authors who have since become famous, he supplied his quota of " turnovers " to the *Globe*. But he was not destined to be a journalist ; he did musical and dramatic notes for *Hearth and Home*, the *Gentlewoman*, and various other papers ; presently, on the introduction of Major Arthur Griffiths, he succeeded Mr. Bernard Shaw as musical critic of the *World* ; but if David Anderson had not dismissed him at the end of his term with some such advice as Sam Carringbridge gave to Felix, one knows now that he might truthfully have done so :

" ' I do not think. I say you will certainly get on. With you it is merely a question of time, and questions of time are soon settled. I am not quite sure that you will get on as a journalist.'

" ' Oh, but how then ? '

" You have a good deal that the journalist need not have. You could deal with psychology—later—more powerfully than with incident. By incident you may take it that I mean just now the figures carried out by the dancers in the masque of life.'

" He paused with a smile—his leading-article smile, Arliss irreverently called it. Rhetorical interrogation was conveyed by it, the happy question, ' Am I brilliant ? '

" ' But that power, being more profound than the merely descriptive power that finds food for its energies in outward things, develops more slowly. Youth shows in such writing as you care for, and undertake, more clearly than it would in writing of lesser quality. Live, be greedy of experience. I daresay I gave you that advice when you first came. I usually do give it. But to you, now, I give it with special knowledge of your aptitudes. If *you* dig deep you will certainly find water-springs.' "

In a holiday of those early years, Mr. Hichens travelled in Egypt and struck up a chance acquaintance there with the late Mr. H. D. Traill ; they voyaged up the Nile together, and the acquaintance so started was renewed after their return to England. Shortly after returning, Mr. Hichens wrote a story, " The Collaborators," and sent it to the *Pall Mall Magazine* ; Sir Douglas Straight, then the editor, promptly accepted it and invited others ; and it is to Sir Douglas Straight more than to any other man that Mr. Hichens feels indebted, for he gave him much encouragement, not only by opening the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to him, then and subsequently, but when by-and-by, in 1894, he offered him " The Green

A bit of Mr. Hichens's mountain garden in Taormina, Sicily, showing the pavilion in which he writes.

Carnation," though it was wholly unsuitable as a magazine serial, Sir Douglas was quick to recognise its brilliance and dispatched it with a strong recommendation to Mr. Heinemann.

The success of "The Green Carnation"—apart from that boyish novel, Mr. Hichens's first book—was immediate and immense. As every one knows, it satirised Oscar Wilde and the æsthetic movement. It was written without the smallest touch of malice, and merely because the subject offered itself; Mr. Hichens only knew Wilde casually; had met him no more than four times before he wrote the book, and chance never brought then into each other's company after, but so far as he heard, Wilde took it all in perfectly good part and with his characteristic imperturbability.

Curiously enough, when you consider the usual way of the world, though it came out whilst "The Green Carnation" was still the sensation of the day, "An Imaginative Man" met with but a moderate success; and "The Folly of Eustace," next year, was scarcely more fortunate. "Flames," that finely imaginative, haunting, spiritualistic romance, had a more stirring reception—unless my memory is cheating me, it made a very considerable noise indeed, and after discussing it at large in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead gave us a tabloid edition of it for a penny; but Mr. Hichens knows nothing of this, and says "Flames" also fell short of the triumph of "The Green Carnation." His seven books of the next seven years were acclaimed by the critics,

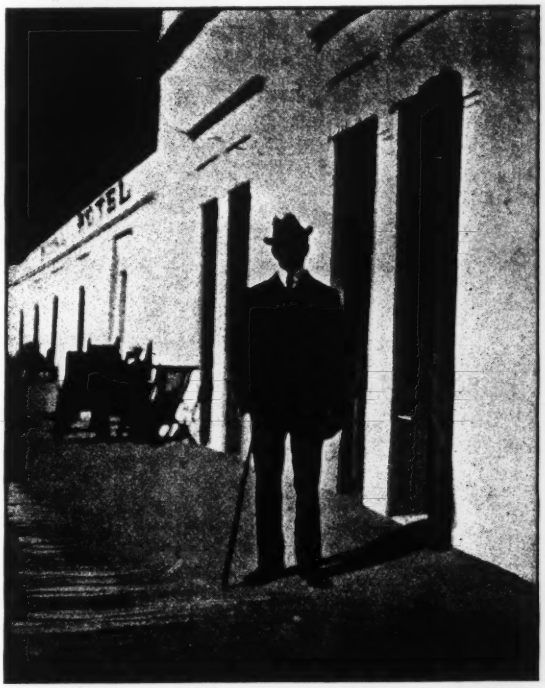
Photo by Elliott & Fry.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN. **Mr. Robert Hichens.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN. **Mr. Robert Hichens.**

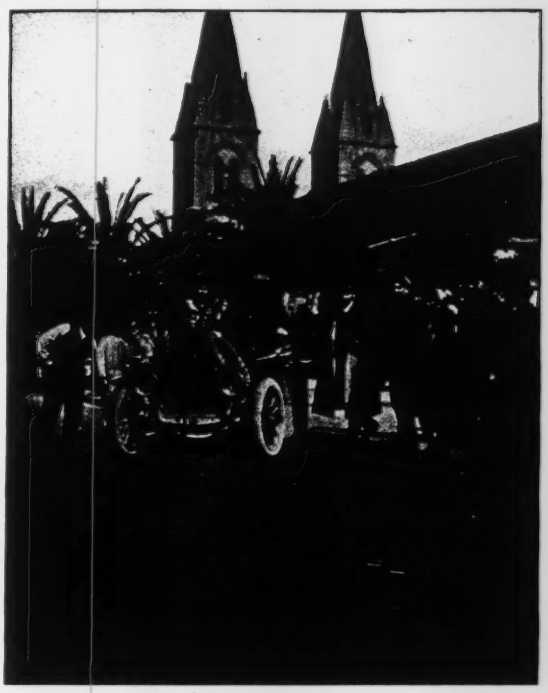
but their sales were not extraordinary, yet they included "Felix," and that poignant, masterly story, "The Woman with the Fan." In the same year with "The Woman with the Fan," however, appeared "The Garden of Allah," and then the reading world hesitated no longer; within three months this greatest of Mr. Hichens's novels had run through five editions, and it has since passed through many more.

Before the publication of "The Garden of Allah," none of Mr. Hichens's novels had been used serially; since, there has been a wide and increasing demand here and in America for the serialising of everything he has written; he has come to be reckoned as one of our most popular novelists, but the sales of his books in America are very much larger than they are in England.

I doubt, though, whether Mr. Hichens is so much interested or so well informed in these details as I am. For some nine years past he has had no home in this country; he came to town when he was twenty and, with periodical holiday rambles abroad, lived in London for fifteen years; then a rather troublesome illness must have affected his nerves, for, on his recovery, he found the endless noise and hurry and excitement of the great city intolerable, it unsettled him, chafed him to an uneasy restlessness, he could not work in it satisfactorily, and went abroad to look for the seclusion and quietness that had become necessary to him. To this day he is very much of a dweller in hotels, but he has made himself quite at home in Sicily, where he has his own set of



Mr. Robert Hichens at Biskra.



Mr. Hichens on a motor trip from Constantine (Algeria) to Tunis.

Arab horsemen at Biskra.

Mr. Hichens setting out on a desert expedition, Biskra, Sahara.

Batouch, the Arab poet of "The Garden of Allah."

rooms in the Hotel Timeo, at Taormina, and a charming hillside garden, and waking of mornings he can look from his window as he lies abed and, in place of the grimy roofs and chimneys of the London he cannot live in, see the summit of Etna far off with a slow plume of white smoke trailing from it against the clear blue of the sky. And living so happily aloof from the haunts of commerce, he knows little more of what stir his books make than some visiting friend may choose to tell him. He has never worked with an eye on the market; he is too true an artist for that; but has written always the stories that have come to him, shaping his characters as life itself would shape them, and, when fidelity to things as they are seemed to require it, taking them on to final tragedy or gloom unflinchingly and without pausing to consider whether or not such an ending was in popular demand. "Try to see what is, and think about it naturally," says the novelist King Marshall to Felix. ". . . If you come to write, try at first to do one thing only, try to tell the truth. When you are sure that you are able to tell the truth, try to tell it beautifully—but not till you are sure." Which must have been Mr. Hichens's own aim, for, in his later books especially, he is achieving it.

I go back on "Felix" so often because Mr. Hichens confessed to me that he had given Felix certain of his personal characteristics, had put a good deal of himself into him; and if you have read "Felix" you have not forgotten that delightfully whimsical old figure, the village tailor who had made trousers for Balzac. As the great man's tailor he had felt it incumbent on him to be acquainted with all his works, and he joyously lends the volumes to Felix, who is profoundly impressed by the study of them and founds upon them a raw philosophy of life that breaks down in practice; and of any authors who may have influenced himself Mr. Hichens unhesitatingly places Balzac first.

In Biskra, Algeria.

(The Beni Mora of "The Garden of Allah.")

"When Miss Schley gained the top of the staircase Lady Holme saw that their gowns were almost exactly alike."

From "The Woman with the Fan" ("*Daily Mail* Sixpenny Novels" edition).

"Balzac certainly," he says, "and Guy de Maupassant, and I suppose Tolstoi and Turgeniev—I can't say I have been conscious of their influence, but they are the novelists who have most strongly appealed to me. But if we get upon this topic I shan't know where to leave off. Dickens is a perpetual joy to me, and I don't understand the superior critics who try to belittle him. Thackeray, too, and the Brontës, and George Eliot—don't some critics, by the way, deny George Eliot a place among great writers? I cannot agree with them. To me her greatness seems beyond question.

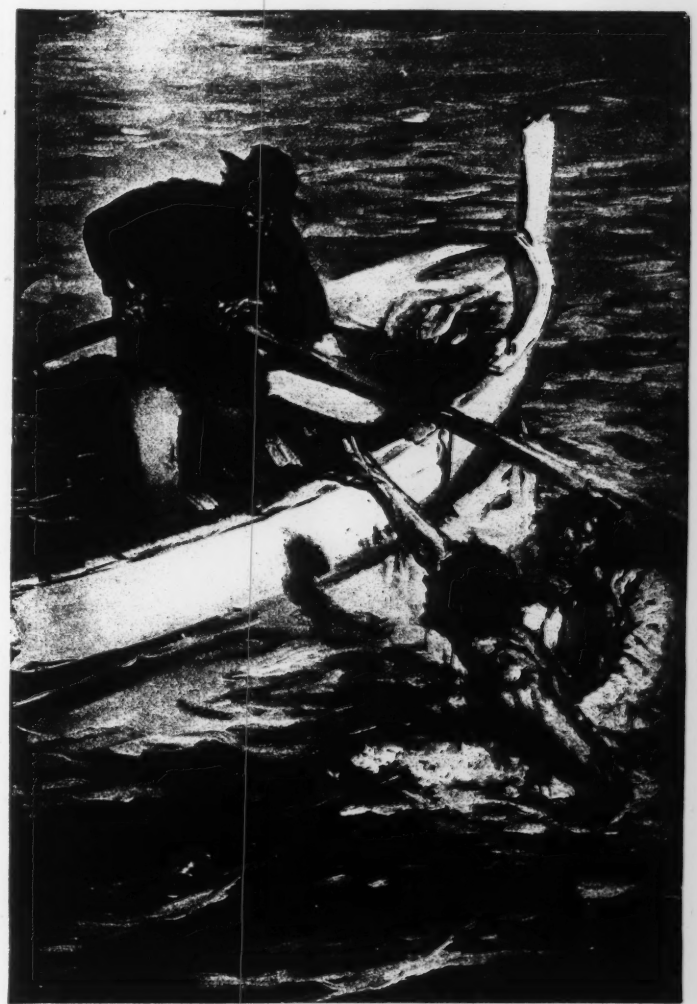
In his methods of work Mr. Hichens is not one of the especially systematic authors. He has nearly always a book under way, carrying the idea of it about with him and brooding on it for months, sometimes for years, before he can start to translate it into written words; but once he does get to the writing of it, he keeps to it closely and works hard until it is finished. Usually he is up and at work by seven of the morning and writes until lunch-time, not infrequently resuming work about five and going steadily on until seven or eight at night. He revises and alters and prunes untiringly, but does not often rewrite; there was a recent novel of his, however, that greatly dissatisfied him, and after failing to persuade himself that it was as good as he could make it, he destroyed thirty thousand words of it and wrote that

much of the story over anew. I doubt if any novelist living brings a more sensitive conscience to his work; Mr. Hichens is not one of those who comfortably convince themselves that each last book they have written is their best; nor is he of those who in the heat of composition are elated and uplifted with a sense of satisfaction in what they are doing; he is haunted all the while by a feeling that he is not getting the effect he wants, that he is not making the most of his theme, not doing so well as he had hoped to. The only book that he wrote with more of confidence was "The Garden of Allah"; he felt whilst he was writing this that he was doing something bigger than he had ever been able to do before; and he believes that whatever the critics might have said, that feeling must have remained with him; he was not surprised, therefore, when the reviewers emphatically confirmed him in his impression; but the swift, far-reaching success of the story surprised as much as it pleased him.

It is one of Mr. Hichens's most charming personal qualities that he is entirely natural and unaffected; he is too much a man of the world, or has too keen a sense of humour to adopt any pose, or to cultivate any conventionally artistic appearance; he has so little vanity that he is not desirous of talking about himself, but if you are interested in that subject and insist, he has not even enough vanity to daunt you with any coy, self-conscious, self-important reticence, but will chat with you as simply, frankly, easily, as if he were discussing somebody else and somebody else's work. He laughs at the notion of a novelist roaming the earth in search of human material or "local colour." He always winters in Sicily because the place attracts him; living there he has come to know its atmosphere, its spirit, its people, and has been moved to write about them as naturally as he was moved to write of London and its motley society whilst he was living here. "The Londoners" is not more essentially Londonish than his last year's novel, "The Call of the Blood," is essentially and wonderfully Sicilian, or than "The Garden of Allah" is more essentially inspired and alive with the magic and glamour and mystery of the desert. Mr. Hichens had no thought of writing anything about the Sahara until he had been there again and again and by degrees the strange spell of it had laid hold on him prevailingly; he had been seven times into the desert before he was ready to write the first word of "The Garden of Allah."

On one of these seven occasions he had previously visited a Trappist monastery, and drawn by the perfect restfulness of the place, said how much he wished he could stay there for a while. "We take guests," remarked the lay brother who was showing him round. "We should be glad to have you if you do not mind living very simply." So for three weeks Mr. Hichens lived there plainly and frugally, sleeping in one of the small, bare cells; later, he went out into the desert with the Arab poet, whom in the book he has named Batouch, for his guide, and as they stood one evening gazing across the eternal sands towards the sunset, a chance phrase of Batouch's touched him with a first dim thought of "The Garden of Allah." "This is the garden of oblivion," said Batouch in his usual dreamy monotone. "In the desert one forgets everything, even the desire of one's soul." Somehow his saying called a vision of the secluded, prison-like monastery back into his hearer's mind, and with it came a fancy to bring one of its mute tenants out here into the desert, and in this garden of oblivion let him forget his vows, his hopes, his God, and be willing to lose his soul for the love of a woman.

Not till five years after this could he see his way through that story and begin, at last, to write it; then he was working on it for the better part of two years, slowly and with infinite pains. Since its publication he has had hundreds of letters from all over the world blaming and abusing him for ending it so unhappily; Protestants and people of no religious persuasion have



"Then he heard a shout, and the boat came up, with Salvator glaring down at him with fierce anxiety."

From "The Call of the Blood" ("*Daily Mail* Sixpenny Novels" edition)

Mr. Hichens's Sicilian servant, with dog.

At the higher end of the garden.

Three Views of Mr. Robert Hichens's Mountain Garden at Taormina, in Sicily.

A corner of the garden, with an orange-tree.

Mr. Hichens's attendants in the desert of Sahara.

assured him that no woman loving a man as Domini loved Boris would, on learning he was a renegade priest, persuade him to repentance, go with him to the gate of the monastery, and, leaving herself desolate, surrender him back to God. Mr. Hichens is not a Roman Catholic, but his heroine was, and from her standpoint this had seemed to him from the outset the only possible conclusion; to have wrested the story to any other would have seemed like tampering with the truth; and he has had as many letters from priests and laymen of the Roman Catholic faith praising this truthfulness, and assuring him that to a devout Catholic, like Domini, it was out of the question that she could go on regarding Boris as her husband once she was aware of his priesthood, and that the one course open to her was the course that she took.

"The Call of the Blood" has approved itself in every way a worthy successor to "The Garden of Allah," and for the immediate future, Mr. Hichens has two books coming out this autumn—a new novel, "A Spirit in Prison," with Messrs. Hutchinson; and "Egypt and its Monuments," illustrated with photographs and with pictures in colour by M. Jules Guerin, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish. Another book of his, "Barbary Sheep," will be issued by Messrs. Methuen in the spring; and already Mr. Hichens is writing another—a novel that he expects to finish this winter when he is at home again in Sicily. Next spring he has arranged to go to Syria and Palestine in order to prepare a second book of travel impressions that is to appear serially in the *Century Magazine*.

Moreover, he has a long-standing inclination to the stage. Some years ago, as most of us recollect, he collaborated with H. D. Traill in "The Medicine Man," in which Irving acted the principal part; and he was part-dramatist of "Becky Sharp." Shortly before Irving died, Mr. Hichens happened to be telling him his tale of "The Charmer of Snakes," a story suggested to him by a snake-charmer he saw at his charming in Egypt, and Sir Henry, greatly taken with the prospect of creating that eerie and picturesque personality, asked him to turn the tale into a play and he would produce it, but death putting an end to that arrangement, the play has never been written. Latterly, however, Mr. Hichens has completed a comedy which has been secured by Miss Evelyn Millard for production in London, probably at the Garrick Theatre.

Photo by Mus. Maure, Biskra.

A sand diviner, who read Mr. Hichens's fate at Biskra.

"A WHITE GULL IN A GREY SKY."

BY JOHN BEVERIDGE, M.A., B.D.

"LIKE a white gull in a grey winter sky"—so Björnson described Jonas Lie's first book, which he had read in manuscript prior to its publication. But that book, "The Visionary," was only the precursor of many, some of them much superior, a regular flock of white gulls that flew to every creek and corner of Norway's fjords and fjelds. For soon as each New Year approached his countrymen began to look for a new book from Lie (pronounced *Lee*), as for a dear friend who would be their welcome Christmas guest, and whose genial humour, wise counsel and helpful message would bring inspiration to them all. And those at sea, in cabin, caboose, or cuddy, looked on him as the writer for the homeless, for he had understood them and they understood and loved him. And now the news that their dear old friend has gone to his final rest will be received with sincere sorrow in every Norwegian family at home or abroad; on their houses in all regions, and on Norse ships in every port the wide world over, flags will be set at half mast, and all will feel that Norway is poorer to-day since Jonas Lie has laid down his pen for ever.

It must not be supposed that Jonas Lie was a second-rate writer, following Björnson, for instance, but far in the rear. Björnson is perhaps better known in this country, partly because of his greater cosmopolitanism, partly because he has had more general interests, partly because he has been far longer on the literary stage. But Lie was second fiddle to nobody in Norway when once he found that he could play at all. As a matter of fact, he was the best beloved and most popular of all Norway's great writers. Nor has his fame been confined in any sense to Scandinavia. Many of his works have appeared in English, and one or other of his books has been translated into a dozen of the European languages, an honour very few British writers enjoy. The white gull in the grey winter sky has indeed flown far and wide and visited every ocean and every continent.

Jonas Lie was born in 1833, a year after Björnson, two or three after Ibsen. His father was a Government official, shifted from place to place as promotion came, so that Jonas saw a good deal of his native land during his boyhood. Some years were spent in Nordland, whose magic northern spell, along with a Lapland strain in his blood from his mother's side, exercised a

profound influence on him. The mysterious and supernatural always bewitched him, and like many other poets he was somewhat afraid of being alone in the dark. In later days this dread of the dark sometimes got him into difficulties. He was once staying at a country inn and had placed his heavy travelling boots by his bedside. During the night he started from his slumbers. Surely he had heard a noise! And what was that? He saw indistinctly something white moving quietly to and fro opposite him. Out went his hand for one of the heavy boots. He hurled it with all his force at the spectre. There was a roar of pain and a salvo of profanity. The missile had doubled up a late-comer, a lumber dealer, to whom the landlord had offered the unoccupied bed in Lie's room. He had been undressing as quietly as he could in the dark so as not to disturb the sleeper. It was indeed a mutually painful predicament.

Lie entered the navy, and was making good progress in his profession, when his career at sea was rudely ended by the discovery that the keen cadet's eyesight was defective. So he turned to the law, the refuge of so many; and for a time he had Ibsen, Vinje, and Björnson as his fellow-students. Then, to his profession of the law, he added journalism. At length dreams of literary fame commenced to visit him, and he began, as so many famous Norse writers have done, by issuing a volume of poetry which had some measure of success and not a little power. Some of the sailor songs are excellent, but the poems that deal with what is uncanny are by far the best. All that lies beyond the range of the senses, at that stage and for long years afterwards, had for him an irresistible attraction. But soon impelling thoughts and suitable subjects for great works flashed vividly through his brain; and then, in his thirty-seventh year, he found himself—the white gull spread its wings in the grey winter sky.

"The Visionary" is a wonderfully fine love story. The hero, David Holst, is afflicted with "second sight," and this gives its name and its note of pathos to the book, and prepares us for the tragic ending. The delightful picture of Susanna is most artistically portrayed. She becomes so utterly real that one has difficulty in believing that the character is fictitious. It is quite understood that much of the book is drawn from Lie's own experience; and the scenery and atmosphere of the Nordland are as vivid as pen could make them. It was not merely because Lie had chosen a good *locus* and a new theme for his story that the book was an immediate success. The language, the style, the tenderness, the genius, showed that Norway had gained a new writer of foremost rank.

It was in the days of dawning realism that Lie took his place in the literary world; and it was not strange that some time passed before he discovered his limitations and his power. But when "The Three-master *The Future*" and "The Pilot and his Wife" appeared Lie found his sphere. The salt spray flew round the prow, the fresh wind filled the canvas—and there they sailed away. "Rutland," "Go Ahead," "The Commodore's Daughters" and others followed. Lie realised that he was the novelist of the sea, and no one approaches him there.

But he did not confine himself to sea stories. In early days in his books he had sailed the seas and skirted the coast; but he began to make his way up the fjords and into the valleys, over the mountains and into the hamlets; and then he visited the towns and made himself at home among the homes of the people. And before long he became the great interpreter of home life, the counsellor and friend of the worried husband, the busy mother, the adventurous boy, the blushing maiden. He sketched the poor little sempstress who lets her life's happiness slip from her in "Maisa Jons"; he depicted the heartrending lot of the oppressed labourer in "A Slave for Life"; he conjured up the days of long ago in his incomparable "The Family at Gilje." They grip us by their truth; they touch us by their humaneness; they delight us with their humour.

Out of the depths of his own big heart and sure knowledge he seems to make a point of portraying for us men who have lived in the shadow and there-

fore have never been able properly to unfold. He lets us see what is meant by stunted natures that have never reached their full development, confined powers which were never realised, longings never gratified. He finds most of those natures that live in the shade among women. Jonas Lie's gallery of female characters is large and varied. In it there are some pictures that are exquisite, and two that are inimitable. The lot and fate of these two touch every heart—the captain's wife at Gilje and the doctor's wife in "Niobe"; Ma and Bente Borvig will not soon be forgotten by those who know them.

They who never found the way to happiness in life are a great number, but Jonas Lie does not on that account forget that there are people in plenty who have reached the goal and gained the prize of love, success, and happiness. He believed in men and in the good forces in life. And he caused these forces to win in the battle when the proper means were used. The one who has a high ideal, who is true to himself, who is persistent and patient in his life's quest, must come to victory at last. That was the doctrine and the message of Jonas Lie, and he being dead yet speaketh.

The Lap strain in his nature and the witchery of the north found vent particularly in a series of fairy tales, "Trold," in which Lie's fancy runs riot and quaint imaginings succeed each other in most bewildering array. There is not a little of this mysticism in "Niobe"; there are ghosts about in "Dyre Rein"; and wizards play their tricks in broad daylight in "Lindelin"; while there is something of the witch in Mrs. Stephanie in "When the Sun is Setting." But it is because Lie was the friend of the home-keeping, of the homeless and the seafaring, that he was most beloved and will be sincerely missed and mourned.

And the great writer about home in his old age built a pleasant house for himself and his wife in a quiet spot where he himself had dreamt his early dreams. But suddenly his partner of so many years was taken from his side. He was left alone. He found love and peace in the homes of his children; he had been spending a quiet summer with his eldest son, and surrounded by loving attentions the lonely old man entered into rest.

No wonder the Norse at home and abroad are to-day mourning the loss of Jonas Lie; their great inspirer and comforter in the realm of native literature is gone; their friend and counsellor has passed beyond their sight. The Norse are looking eagerly for another white gull in a grey winter sky.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

SOME of us have a too-easy habit of laying it down as a law that the novel with a purpose is necessarily inartistic; but it would be truer, I think, to say this of the novel that is without one. Seeing that we can scarcely take a step in any direction without having to face one or another of those old problems of humanity that are always repeating themselves, and that each man solves differently for himself, it follows that the novel in which no social, moral, or religious question is a factor cannot be true to art, for it is not true to life. Cain asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and, as we have not made up our minds on that point even yet, it is part of the purpose of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "Holy Orders," * to lead us to ask and answer that question for ourselves; and she fulfils her intention with all the force and fearless outspokenness that have done so much to make her the loudliest discussed, most fiercely abused, and most popular of living novelists.

It is the fate of most very popular novelists to publish one book that "booms," to put out other books that sail gallantly in the wind of that roaring "boom" for a few seasons, and then to drop gradually into the background. But Miss Corelli has changed this order of things; her first books made stir enough to satisfy the most ambitious of authors, but her later ones have been more eagerly awaited and have sold even more largely. I am not saying this is surprising; to me the surprise would be if it were otherwise. She is a keen student of the social life of her time; she is intensely interested in the motley world of her own generation, in its toil, its joys, its sorrows, its aspirations, and she appeals to it, mainly, with stories not of yesterday, but of to-day and of itself, and this counts for something in the explanation of her enormous popularity. She writes the tale for the tale's sake, simply, imaginatively, sympathetically; but she has large-hearted and large-minded opinions on the sins and wrongs that darken the lives of her characters, as they are darkening lives in the real world around her, and she expresses these opinions through the men and women of her fancy with a burning sincerity that gives her story a soul of meaning and purpose, and fills it as with living fire. She knows how often

> "Truth in closest words will fail,
> While Truth embodied in a tale
> May enter in at lowly doors."

and I suspect something of her own high aim is expressed by young Laurence Everton, in "Holy Orders," when he declines to become a clergyman because he wants a big pulpit: "I shall be a writer, not a preacher. For when people will not go to church they will read—and when a sermon is forgotten and perishes—sometimes—only sometimes—a Book lives."

"Holy Orders" is, as Miss Corelli describes it, "the

* "Holy Orders. The Tragedy of a Quiet Life." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

tragedy of a quiet life." It relates how the Reverend Richard Everton, zealous, conscientious, intellectual, marries a winsome, innocently gay little wife and accepts a living in a squalid country parish in the shadow of the Cotswolds, and Miss Corelli describes the soul-deadening dullness of this parish, the ignorance, grossness and heartbreaking insensitiveness of its population, with a realistic faithfulness that nobody who knows such places can fail to recognise :

"The smaller the community of persons the narrower is their outlook on life, and the more self-centred do they become. The infinitely little matters of a provincial town loom large to the restricted brain of the provincial town councillor, and still more important are the ethics of the village pump to a handful of villagers. Such people know and care to know nothing of the larger world ; whether kings or republics handle the reins of government is a matter of indifference to them, provided their own cabbage-plots are prospering. Seasons come and go—the sharp inclement spring offers them just sufficient matter for grumbling, till summer arrives to be grumbled at in its turn, as being either too moist or too dry or too windy or too 'muggy'—summer passes into autumn, which brings them their annual burden of cherished complaints—colds, rheumatism and divers other aches and pains—then the long winter darkens down over them with its mornings and nights of black frost, and its pale cold noons of utter cheerlessness, when nothing occurs of any interest from the beginning of the day to the end of it—nothing to rouse the dormant intellect or give the slightest impetus to the vital forces—and no reason is apparent why such lives should be lived at all, unless it is necessary to remind man that in his bucolic type he is not much higher in the scale of creation than a beetle. . . . Even to a cultured intellect, no matter how well controlled by a philosophic spirit, a rural district which is wholly lacking in refined or intelligent society is apt to grow more difficult to live in as time goes on. For intellect is like steel—it must strike against something of the same resisting quality as itself before sparks of fire can be generated. Thus it happened that the Reverend Richard Everton, shut, as it were, within himself, ceased to struggle against what appeared to be his life's destiny, and unconsciously, but none the less surely, became more and more of a silent, reserved, and almost shy man, quite unintentionally managing in this way to widen the breach which had been so unreasoningly created between himself and his parishioners by the Kiernan episode."

This is the Kiernan episode : Kiernan, a hulking labourer, good-hearted when sober, but little other than a fiend incarnate when drunk, beats and nearly kills his wife. The Vicar devotes himself to desperate attempts to reclaim the man ; and Mrs. Everton, shocked and inexperienced, incautiously warns the injured woman that her husband is cultivating a shameful acquaintance with a village girl, Jacynth Miller, a beautiful, reckless creature who seems to have been born without the sense of sin. The unhappy Mrs. Kiernan is incredulous, but presently asks Kiernan reproachfully about this, and, drunkenly resentful, he strikes her brutally again, and she dies as a result of his ill-usage. Public opinion in the village sympathises with Kiernan, and blames the Vicar's wife for interfering and precipitating the fatal crisis ; but the Vicar looks to the sinister influence that underlies this and so much of the poverty and degradation of his parish, and has no hesitation as to where the responsibility for the crime should rest. Kiernan sober would never have done it ; Kiernan drunk was a frenzied brute not responsible for his actions ; therefore it is not Kiernan who is the murderer, but Minchin, the wealthy brewer, who dominates the countryside and is the stumbling-block in the way of all local reformers ; he owns the tied houses of the neighbourhood, and, teetotaller and High Churchman himself, has made a fortune by selling the legally impure beer that poisons the blood of the poor wretches who soak and dehumanise themselves with it. His excuse is that they are not compelled to buy it, and, in effect, he shelters himself behind that world-old question of Cain's.

Later, Kiernan is employed at the brewery, and his drinking habits increase upon him. One day he is out shooting rabbits, and seeing Mrs. Everton gathering flowers, recalls his grudge against her, and drunkenly mischievous, fires to frighten her, but in his muddled condition cannot fix his aim, and she falls, shot through the heart. There is real pathos in the earlier scene where Kiernan, having slept himself sober, sees his wife and realises that her injuries were inflicted upon her by him ; the same poignant note is struck when Richard Everton learns of his loss ; and again when his child comes to him in the darkest hour of his despair. But his great sorrow makes him "a better servant of the Master," and, because of the sympathy it evokes for him, gives him a power over his people that he had not theretofore been able to obtain. Minchin, the brewer, is ably and mercilessly drawn ; ably drawn too is the girl Jacynth ; and Azalea, Richard's irresponsible, charming girl-wife ; and Father Douay, the lovable old Roman Catholic priest, Richard's staunch friend. But the book strongly opposes Roman Catholic doctrines, and even more so the Ritualistic practices of the Anglican Church ; it pleads for a retention of "the pure and quiet spirit of simple piety" in religious observances ; and, throughout, it denounces without any mincing of matters the Governments that allow, the wealthy lords and commoners who brew, and the licensed traders who sell the doctored liquors that steal away the brains of men :

"We hear and we read of Law and Government—and the hopes of the world spring up elated at the fair promises made of betterment—hopes only doomed to be crushed again by the depressing discovery that the very dispensers of Law and Government are frequently more corrupt than those they would essay to govern, and are too often found amongst the vilest sinners against moral and physical uprightness. Between Dan Kiernan and the 'gentleman' member of Parliament who daily and nightly fuddles his brain with innumerable whisky-sodas, is there a difference ? Not much, if any ! "

Incidentally, Miss Corelli touches trenchantly on most of the pressing social topics of the hour : on the growing scorn of the marriage-tie, the "self-degradation" of women who are "screaming for a political vote," the murderous recklessness of motorists, the hypocrisy and worldiness of priests and prelates of the

English Church, the dangers of the stage, the shortcomings of the Throne, the significant increase of Jewish influence at Court and on the Press, the degeneration of the modern newspaper, the shallow soullessness of Society; and if she is sometimes bitter, it is because she is passionately sincere and in earnest; bitterness is no flower of indifference; withal, she can be exquisitely compassionate. "I take within my brain all creeds—all struggles for the good," sighs the gentle Father Douay, "—all sorrows—all difficulties—and I say, alas!—poor men and poor women! So slow to learn—so hard to live—so quick to die! The great God cannot be angry long with these leetle, sad mortals!"

I am conscious that I have given no adequate idea of this moving human story; "Holy Orders" is a large and a full book, so crowded with incident and event that it is only possible here to sketch briefly the scope and purpose of it; and even if it were possible to do more, I think I have said enough to show that this is not a book to read about, it is a book to read.

New Books.

IRELAND'S CASE STATED.*

Before this shapely volume came into my hands I heard great praise of it. And now that I have gone through it from cover to cover, I bear witness to its excellence as a long-needed statement of facts, recorded in clear and telling style, with a strength not often visible in works of history written by women. Many reviews will be published in mitigation of the charges against England's policy towards the "sister island"—most ironical of epithets uttered by the conquering people—but the book will survive them. Its value does not lie in the eloquent words; it is no made-up story, slurring over that which refuses to be fitted into an *a priori* sketch. Mrs. J. R Green is, indeed, of "Ireland birth," and she shares with her kinsfolk a devotion to the "Niobe of nations" unsurpassed by the Gaels themselves. But if her documents had been published anonymously, they would tell as convincing a tale. For the question is what did Ireland do on its own behalf in the four hundred years between Henry II.'s landing and the flight of the Great Earls after the defeat of Kinsale? And what did the English laws, invasions, confiscations, plantings of new settlers, bringing in of a new Church, do towards creating the "distressful country" in which victors and vanquished alike have found an insoluble problem? This double inquiry can be answered, in its main outlines, from the evidence collected, not without rare trouble, by the widow of him who described "The Making of England," which is really a less important study. We do know something of that much glorified theme. But Irish history, to the crowd, as to the politicians, is a legend, Kingsley's "Westward Ho" romantically touching up its Elizabethan form, J. A. Froude's "English in Ireland" ringing the changes on it as it moves down to the Union and "Quis separabit?" "Who shall divide us?" But the policy of separation and suppression may be dated back through Acts of Parliament and royal decrees to Plantagenet eras, when killing a "mere" Irishman was no offence at law. Even in Catholic times the Christian outside the Pale was declared ineligible to any living or dignity under English control. The Lancastrian kings drove Irish scholars from Oxford, and Irish lawyers were not suffered to learn the secrets of the Common Law. When the Pale became a fringe twenty miles wide outside Dublin, native Ireland, which absorbed into its civilisation, says Mrs. Green boldly, Dane and Norman, had its European commerce, crowded havens, natural and highly wrought products, exchanging commodities with France, Spain, Italy, Belgium. Its architectural remains speak impressively of a strong and delicate genius, occupied chiefly about religion, but proud of its fortified places and the mansions erected in towns like Galway, of which some challenge our admiration even to this day. From details exceedingly picturesque, not to be doubted, these pages build up a mediæval Ireland simply unknown to our text-books, and even to University professors, which was advancing in culture, multiplying its resources, and assimilating the elements of its population so successfully, that, if let alone, it would have competed on many lines with England in the opening world-market after the discovery of America. It was itself an America, temptingly near the coasts of Britain. Accordingly, Henry VIII.'s councillors determined to exploit it. The Tudor Conquest, taking well-nigh one hundred years before it could be managed, undid all that Celtic-Norman Ireland had done. It broke the old Brehon law and the feudal system. It ruined the towns. Perhaps there is no chapter more enlightening—certainly none is more novel—than that which traces step by step the deliberate plan of commercial invasion whereby Galway, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, and other previously thriving cities lost their trade that the English market might flourish above their downfall. One expedient, disgraceful beyond words, was the debasing of the currency, which brings before us a series of English kings, and of course Queen Elizabeth, as robbing every one of their subjects across the Irish Sea to enrich their own coffers.

Then we must reckon with the "New Learning," which I am sorry to observe Mrs. Green still imagines was a title of the Renaissance, whereas it means the new doctrines of the Reformers. There was to be a "godly conquest" of the Irish, always painted as if below the Red Indians by those who were going to eat up their lands. But its inward sense was explained in 1536 to Henry VIII.:

> "Take first from them their corn, so that the Irishry shall not live thereupon; then to have their cattle and beasts; . . . and then shall they be without corn, victual, or cattle, and thereof shall ensue the putting in effect of all these wars against them."

English pirates destroyed the native commerce; adventurers like Ralegh, with God on their lips and greed in their hearts, swarmed over to the Land of Promise, and a war of extermination followed. There was only one limit to its death-dealing havoc: the planters wanted cheap labour and kept a remnant alive in the condition of serfs. But they denied to them learning, security of tenure, and redress at law. Here the name of a "thorough godly reformation" became the preamble to enactments so detestable that, assuredly, the English Parliaments which passed them and the Courts which executed them deserve to be held master-patterns of hypocrisy till the world ends. In particular, the device of tearing children belonging to great houses from their parents, forcibly bringing them to England, and there making them Protestants whether they would or no, damns to everlasting infamy all who were concerned in it—

* "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing: 1200–1600." By Alice Stopford Green. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Elizabeth, Cecil, and the rest of them. Where was it derived from ? Do modern Englishmen ever give a thought to these ancient glories of theirs ? Do they know that it was the Turk who invented that shameful tribute, and degraded Christian children into Mohammedan Janizzaries ? But can they wonder if the Irish memory of outrage inflicted on the souls of their noblest and most helpless has not yet died away ?

That furious hatred against a people whom they had despoiled which breathes from the State papers dictated by English lawyers, soldiers, official clergy, and which culminated in "the ferocious Acts of Anne" (to use Burke's language), was not satisfied with robbery, murder, and man-stealing. It produced a foul caricature of its victim and held up the Irishman to scorn as a shameless, lying, cowardly, treacherous animal, who could not be civilised, though Church and State were ever offering him the benefits of a true Christian education. What these amounted to we may read in the Statute Book, where they are written at large. Mrs. Green has dwelt with power and knowledge on the destruction of Irish learning and the exile of all who desired culture in any shape, which left a population to be inevitably degraded, so far as their own poverty-stricken and persecuted clergy could not come to their aid. It is impossible, in short, to mention any crime against religion, good government, humanity, social order, that the English rulers of Ireland have not committed with open eyes and resolute will. If any man asks for the evidence, here is some of it reproduced in the self-glorifying language of the criminals themselves. Happily, public opinion shows signs of being educated, and this book will influence it in the right direction. It is more than a literary event. I congratulate the writer with all my heart. Nevertheless, crimes of a certain high order would seem to be unpardonable in Heaven's chancery; and the English conquest of Ireland may be among them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. BELLOC'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is extremely probable that if the most inveterate of novel-readers were told a new novel had appeared that was entirely concerned with business in the City and the political intrigues of a *nouveau riche* who wanted to get into Parliament—and these things, not related as they are now, but as they may be in 1911—he could scarcely imagine a more unattractive and uninteresting, even depressing subject, and would, very likely, decline to read the book at all. Yet out of this seemingly most unpromising material Mr. Belloc has woven the most absorbing and fascinating of stories and made the most delightful of volumes. For he is a really great satirist, and no one who takes pleasure in satire of so high a quality could fail to enjoy this novel from end to end. Not a word should be skimmed over; it should be read with care all through.

The delightful tone of grave and rather ponderous irony begins on the first page, and his style—which reminds one occasionally of Dr. Johnson—adds greatly to the pleasure one takes in the sly humour of the story. Here is the description of Mrs. Clutterbuck, the wife of the business man who, at the beginning of the book, lives modestly in the suburban town of Croydon:

> "Eighteen years of married life had rendered Mrs. Clutterbuck's features and manner familiar to her husband. It is well that the reader also should have some idea of her presence. She habitually dressed in black; her hair, which had never been abundant, was of the same colour, and shone with extraordinary precision. She was accustomed to part it in the middle, and to bring it down upon either side of her forehead. It was further to be remarked that round her neck, which was long and slender, she wore a velvet band after a fashion that royalty itself had not disdained to inaugurate. At her throat was a locket of considerable size, containing initials worked in human hair; upon her wrists, according to the severity of the season, she wore or did not wear mittens as dark as the rest of her raiment. She spoke but little, save in the presence of her husband; her gestures were restrained and purposeful, and her walk somewhat rapid, and her accent that of a cultivated gentlewoman of the middle sort; her grammar perfect. Her idiom, however, when it was not a trifle selected, occasionally erred. . . . Her recreations were few but decided, and she had the method to attack them at regular seasons."

Mrs. Clutterbuck is essentially genteel, and at the same time strong-minded; she is generally at work on a piece of embroidery on yellow satin. Here is a most characteristic remark she makes to her husband while working at her table-centre, putting her needle through the fabric with a vigour and decision which spoke volumes for the restrained energy of her character: "I don't want to hear about your business affairs, Mr. Clutterbuck. I leave gentlemen to what concerns gentlemen. I hope I know *my* work, and that I don't interfere where I might only make trouble." It is remarkable that after this preface she should have added, "Though why you let every beggar who darkens this door make a fool of you is more than I can understand."

There are many lifelike real characters in the book. William Bailey is a particularly charming creation and quite admirably drawn. He was a fanatic and a faddist. He had gone mad upon the Hebrew race.

> "According to him, Lombroso was a Jew, Mr. Roosevelt's friends and supporters, the Belmonts, were Jews, half the moneyed backers of Roosevelt were Jews, the famous critic Brandes was a Jew, Zola was a Jew, Nordau was a Jew, Witte was a Jew—or in some mysterious way connected with Jews, Naquet was a Jew, the great and suffering Hertz was a Jew. All actors and actresses *en bloc* and all the foreign correspondents he could lay hands on were Jews. . . . In his eyes the governors of colonies, the holders of Egyptian bonds, the mortgagees of Irish lands, half the Russian patriots and all the brave spokesmen of Hungary were swept into the universal net of his mania."

He even went further than that. He imagined there were Jews at Oxford, and at Cambridge, and at Trinity College, Dublin; they controlled the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the *Tribuna* of Rome, the *Matin* of Paris, and so on. All this is delightful irony. Bailey is altogether a masterpiece. Mr. Clutterbuck makes a large fortune in the City and becomes ambitious. He falls in with a crowd of fashionable and worldly people who show him something of society and encourage his ambitions for purposes of their own. These people, Charlie Fitzgerald, Mary Smith, the Duke of Battersea, all are not the stereotyped impossible and purely arbitrary types of the fictitious "smart set" of the novelist, but are perfectly natural and real people, and neither their slang, their point of view, their simple self-interest nor anything about them rings false. When Mr. Clutterbuck first receives an invitation from people he does not know he is rather shocked:

> "Every rank in our carefully ordered society has its conventions; one which will doubtless appear ridiculous to many of our readers is that which forbids, among the middle classes, the extension of a warm invitation to people whom one never happens to have seen. The basis for this suburban convention it would be impossible to discover; but then, convention is not logical."

One grows fond of Mr. Clutterbuck as one sees him through the ups and downs of his new and very varying fortunes, and one is really sorry for his disappointment when, after doing all he can to get a title and being assured of his success, he discovers his name is not in the list on New Year's Day. I have rarely read a more touching little scene than that in which he tries to conceal his disappointment before his assembled guests. It is truly pathetic, for with all his irony, Mr. Belloc has nothing hard or inhuman about his satire; it is kindly, and that is why one is sincerely pleased at the end when the hero at last realises his ambition—paltry as it may be—and becomes Sir Percy Clutterbuck. He is a vulgarian, but he is such a good fellow! Fantastic and preposterous in a sense as the book of course is and is meant to be, if yet keeps its hold on real life. It is thoroughly consistent with itself and with its limitations, and since art is concerned mainly with limitations, we may justly call the book an artistic success.

ADA LEVERSON.

* "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." By H. Belloc. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

COLOUR-PRINTS.*

A curious by-path of collecting is made plain in Mr. Courtney Lewis's elaborate little treatise on George Baxter, colour-printer. Probably ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have never heard of this Baxter, who is by no means to be confused with the divine, his famous namesake. Yet Baxter the colour-printer has had admirers enough to form a Baxter Society, and this is not the first book devoted to his work. It seems odd that a man who was distinctly "Early Victorian" in his ideas of art should arouse such enthusiasm. Baxter's productions have none of the decorative charm or the masterly design of a good Japanese colour-print, none of the elegance and gaiety of Debucourt's Parisian scenes, none of the grace of those coloured engravings after old English masters which were the rage with wealthy collectors a few seasons ago. The best of them have much technical merit; Baxter often used as many as twenty different colour-blocks for one print, and the neatness of his workmanship and the purity of his colours are still remarkable. But it may be suspected that the "common Baxterite," as Henley might have called him, is attracted mainly by the subjects of the prints and their sentimental interest. Queen Victoria's coronation, views of the Exhibition of 1851, portraits of missionaries and scenes in the history of missions such as the murder of John Williams at Erromanga, landscapes whether real or fanciful, portraits of the Royal family, Jenny Lind, Peel and others, pictures to decorate little boxes or sheets of music or book covers—these are the things that Baxter turned out by the hundred thousand through a busy and blameless life. Among them are a very few reproductions of old masters, notably Raphael's Cartoons and a Holy Family from a tapestry said to have been designed by the same master, in the collection of Lord Brougham. But most of Baxter's prints were ordinary trade productions, good of their kind, but possessing no artistic interest.

Yet Mr. Lewis, in the little memoir prefixed to his exhaustive catalogue of the prints, is right in claiming a certain historic importance for Baxter as a colour-printer. When he began in 1835, at the age of thirty-one, to work his so-called patent process, colour-printing was at a low ebb in this country, and chromo-lithography had not yet been perfected on a commercial basis. Baxter, who had been trained as a wood engraver, must fairly be credited with success in developing colour-printing from multiple blocks, until it became by 1860, when he retired, a regular business. As to the originality of his patent, Mr. Lewis has a good deal to say, and of course quotes the favourable opinion of Lord Brougham and other judges, who renewed Baxter's patent in 1849. Still, from the historical standpoint there can be no doubt that Baxter was reviving, whether consciously or not, methods that had been used long before. He prided himself on using an engraved metal plate as the foundation on which his colour-blocks were successively imposed; but the process had been employed by Goltzius and other German engravers of the sixteenth century. In the use of many colour-blocks, one for each tint, he had been preceded in England by Jackson in 1754. and Savage in the generation before his own, to say nothing of the French eighteenth-century engravers or the Japanese. But Baxter certainly improved the process, technically, and used better oil colours than had been known in the English trade. It is a pity that he had not better subjects on which to employ his talents. His masterpiece, the Coronation, is creditable and interesting, but this cannot be said of many Baxter prints. He just lived long enough to see his process supplanted for many purposes by chromo-lithography. The next generation was to see the chromo-lithograph superseded in its turn by the photographic three-colour process print, on which the *Edinburgh* has lately been turning its heavy artillery. It seems to be high time that a Chromo Collecting Society was formed, for if Baxter prints, according to Mr. Lewis, are fast appreciating in value and may soon be out of the reach of the humble person with a hobby for collecting, the turn of the old-fashioned chromo will come next.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

* "George Baxter (Colour-Printer): His Life and Work." A Manual for Collectors. By C. T. Courtney Lewis. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The Coronation of Queen Victoria.
Baxter's Masterpiece.
From "George Baxter (Colour-Printer): His Life and Work."
(Sampson Low.)

POLLOCK ON IRVING.*

"An actor's work is in itself so necessarily ephemeral that, to a future generation, it cannot speak for itself. To leave behind him any record of his ideas, his methods, his purpose in what he did, or tried to do, an actor must either set down such record for himself, or depend upon those intimate in his lifetime, to whom he may, in moments of expansion, have confided something of his inner thoughts and feelings, to give a just account of him to posterity."

So writes Mr. H. B. Irving, himself a distinguished actor and accomplished man of letters, in a brief introduction to these "Impressions" of his father.

"Had my father lived, he had intended to have written his reminiscences, in which, no doubt, he would have given to those who came after him the fruits of his experience, the lessons learned, the ideas formed in the course of a career of strenuous endeavour and singular achievement. But this was not to be. It rests with those who knew him well, who at different times were his companions, to convey to those who neither saw nor heard him some idea of a personality the power and impressiveness of which none can question."

There are many sorts of dull books, but perhaps the dreariest of all are the "lives" of actors who have gone before, a few years, or a score or more. It may be, of course, that these men have been unfortunate in their biographers, and that there are writers who could produce a delightful book with such a man for a subject, but if such writers there be, it must be confessed that they have not hitherto turned their talent to this account. The career of a successful actor is full of interest, and no one can read without a thrill, to take an apposite example, the records of the life of Sir Henry Irving, from his first appearance on the stage to the day when he drew the town to see his im-

* "Impressions of Henry Irving, gathered in public and private during a friendship of many years." By Walter Herries Pollock. With a Preface by H. B. Irving. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

personation of Mathias in "The Bells," and from that time onwards until he was almost universally regarded as the greatest living English actor, and by all recognised as the head of his calling in this country. *En parenthèse*, it may be remarked that it is a pity that Mr. H. B. Irving has relinquished his intention to write his father's biography, for with his first-hand knowledge of the actor's life and the actor's art, and his trained pen, he was the very man to portray this side of it successfully.

What, however, neither Mr. Irving nor Mr. Pollock could do—and it is so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention it—is to reconstruct any impersonation of any actor. We may be told, as Mr. Pollock tells us, that "Booth's Othello was somewhat nearer to Kean's, perhaps, than was Irving's; he was splendid in some bursts of sudden passion, but he missed the significance of the swelling, not sudden, tide 'like to the Pontick sea,'" and, though this passage be elaborated to any length, we are entirely unable to conjure up the performance of any one of these actors. This is where the biography and the impression alike fail, and must fail, let who will essay the task. The description of an impersonation can get no nearer the impersonation than the description of a picture realise a picture: indeed, it can never get so near, for the human element on the stage counts for more than, genius excepted, in the studio. The better the actor, the better the painter, the greater the writer's failure.

In support of this contention Mr. Pollock may be quoted—though, indeed, support is scarcely needed:

"How far should an actor endeavour to sink his own personality in that of the personage he is representing? If one reduces it to its simplest form, that of assumption so complete that the disguise cannot be penetrated, then surely it is an accomplishment for the entertainer or quick-change performer who shows the superficial aspects of a character for a few minutes, and not for the actor who has to sustain a part of varying moods and feelings throughout a play or the greater part of it. There are, of course, instances where an actor's disguise is rightly so complete that for a minute or two the audience may be puzzled as to his identity. . . . But what could there be of nature or art in an attempt, successful or not, to keep up the first moment's illusion throughout the course of the play? The actor would have to concentrate all his thought and energy on that one point, so that his performance would at best be that of a skilfully handled marionette. Yet how often does one hear it said, unthinkingly, in depreciation of this or that distinguished actor, 'Oh! very clever, of course, very clever indeed, but then you know he's always Mr. X.' Well, what else should he be, showing you in his inimitable fashion, inimitable save as to surface qualities, the 'true inwardness' of Colonel Y. or King Z. in his habit as he lived. The people who make these remarks are not noted to observe of a first-rate painter's pictures, 'An admirable painting, but you can see it's by N. N.' Yet this implied reproof would be just as sensible as the other."

This being the case beyond all cavil, only those who have seen Irving in the parts about which Mr. Pollock writes can, from Mr. Pollock's statements, reconstruct the scenes and the impersonation; but these, at least, are the debtors of the author of these "Impressions."

Mr. Pollock tells us something of Irving's attention to details of production, of his willingness to profit by intelligent criticism, of his not unnatural desire to see himself in his performances "from the front"; he discusses the great actor's mannerisms, and points out very truly that all successful actors have had, or have cultivated, mannerisms; and he relates that to Irving the characters he portrayed were real people, as real to him for the time as the characters of the novelist to their creator: though against this he mentions that on one occasion when Irving as Othello was smothering Desdemona, he asked the actress "what her mother had ordered for supper"! This raises the vexed question, do actors "feel" their parts; and as a contribution to this oft-raised discussion may be given the answer made by a famous leading man of seventy summers, still in harness, to this question put by the present writer. "If I did 'feel' my parts, my boy," replied the veteran, "do you think I should still be acting? I should have been in my grave twenty years ago."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.*

There was a time when Christie Murray was a very popular novelist, and when not a few of us were looking confidently to his writing the novel that should lift him into something more than popularity; but he never wrote it. He seemed to have all the gifts of the born story-teller; he had a true feeling for dramatic effect, a broad sympathy with humanity, could touch you to tears or laughter, and mould his characters so that they lived; he had the mind and the heart and the great ambition, but he missed greatness, and the novels he wrote during his last seven or eight years have done his reputation more harm than good. Personally, I count among my happier memories one of the day when a novel of his first came into my hands. It was "Joseph's Coat," and I was so taken with it that in the next few months I had bought or borrowed "A Life's Atonement," "Aunt Rachel" (the finest thing, I suppose, that he ever did in fiction), "Rainbow Gold," "Val Strange"; and I have never re-read them in maturer years for something of the same fear he had, as he tells you in these "Recollections," about reading again a certain story that gave him "one superb moment" when he was young:

"That moment came with the reading of a story, entitled 'The Mandan's Revenge; or the Riccaree War Spear,' which came from the pen of Mr. Percy B. St. John, and may still be found in some far-away number of *Chambers's Journal*. I have never gone back to that story. I have never had the courage to go back. It would be something like a crime to dissipate the halo of romance and splendour which lives about it, as I know most certainly I should do if I read it over again. I daresay Mr. St. John was an estimable person in his day; but he could not have written one such story as that my memory so dimly, yet splendidly recalls without having made himself immortal."

Murray was born in Staffordshire, in 1847; his father was a printer and stationer, and at the age of twelve he left school and started work in his father's printing office. When he was nearly eighteen he came to London to follow the same trade, and a disappointment in love drove him to enlist. An old great-aunt presently bought him out of

* "Recollections." By David Christie Murray. 10s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

Mr. David Christie Murray.

the Army, and it was Dr. Kenealy, the counsel for the Tichborne Claimant, who unconsciously gave him his first active impulse towards journalism. Kenealy was a Parliamentary candidate for the borough of Wednesbury, and at one of his meetings Murray interrupted once or twice, and being grossly snubbed could for the moment think of no retort.

"I spent a good part of that night in the invention of scorching phrases. But the exercise afforded me no relief, and on the following day I sat down and wrote my first newspaper article. We had in our new-made borough, in those days, one ineffective, inoffensive little weekly journal called the *Wednesbury Advertiser*, and I posted my article to the editor, who, as much to my surprise as my delight, printed it in all the glory of leaded type. I believe I was under the impression that it would kill Kenealy, but, as all the world knows, the poor man survived for years, and died from wholly different causes. That was the determining incident in my career, and for months afterwards I wrote the *Advertiser's* leaders without any sort of agreement, and without receipt or expectation of any kind of pay. . . .

"I have always held that there is no training for a novelist like that of a journalist. The man who intends to write books describing life can hardly begin better than by plunging into that boiling, bubbling, seething cauldron called journalism. The working journalist is found everywhere. Is there a man to be hanged?—the working journalist is present. Exhibitions, processions, coronations, wars, whatever may be going on, wherever the interest of life is richest and the pulse beats fastest, there you find the working journalist. There is no experience in the world which really qualifies a man to take a broad, a sane, an equable view of life in such a degree as journalism."

His first actual engagement on the Press was as a junior reporter at 25s. a week, and George Dawson, the brilliant Birmingham preacher and lecturer—"one of the highest types of men I have ever known"—was the first editor to pay him a salary. Dawson was then starting the *Birmingham Morning News*; it changed hands in less than two years, when Murray went to London again, and had perhaps the hardest time of his life:

"I abode in a shabby little back bedroom in a lodging off the Gray's Inn Road and sat at my table wrapped in an ulster to prevent myself from freezing, whilst I wrote and sent broadcast prose and verse, essays, short stories, journalistic trifles of every kind. All were ignored or returned."

For four nights he slept on the Embankment seats, chivied about by the police; for four days he was entirely without food; then the tide turned. He got a commission to write an article on Columbus for two guineas; followed this with a long one on "Impecunious Life in London," which yielded him sixteen guineas; and soon after was working on the *World* for Edmund Yates, and contributing a series of short stories to *Belgravia*. He served as Parliamentary reporter of the *Daily News*, and has some amusing reminiscences of Disraeli, Gladstone, and the political giants of those days; later he went through the Russo-Turkish War as correspondent for the *Chicago Times*. Before going on this campaign he had begun to write "A Life's Atonement"; soon after his return he finished it, and it achieved such a considerable success that "new commissions came in, and I found myself fairly launched as a novelist."

He tells in these "Recollections" many tales of his early days as a journalist; in the two thrilling narratives of mining disasters that he witnessed, and in the grim sketch of how he went to see a man executed you have haunting glimpses of his rare powers of observation and description; and you have abundant evidence of his shrewd sense of humour in a score or more delightful anecdotes about obscure or famous persons he had known. There are vivid little pictures of the two or three occasions on which as a young man he saw Dickens; and a record of how he saw Carlyle, the special object of his hero-worship, in the British Museum, and went out after him, and got into the same bus with him, and followed him home to Chelsea "and watched until the door closed behind him."

The whole book, indeed, is alive with interest; it would scarcely have been possible for Christie Murray to write anything that was not. He lived a full life; he played many parts, playing them with gusto and getting the most out of all but one of them—as a novelist he never fulfilled himself. Whether it would have been otherwise had circumstances favoured him more, and had there been no tragedy in his life just when he was at his highest level of achievement, it is idle to speculate; he fell far short of what he had meant to do, of what many of us felt that at one time he could have done, and he knew he had failed, and accepted his failure philosophically, without offering excuses or raising complaints.

"My shabby study arm-chair," he says with a noble stoicism, in the final chapter written only a few months before his death, "is the seat from which I look compassion on a struggling world, as a man fairly drowned and accepting his fate might look on fellow mariners yet only in process of drowning. Fill the mind with memories of things wholeheartedly attempted! You have failed or half failed. Everybody has failed or half failed who ever tried to do anything worth doing. You are not more unblest than the average of your kind." A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

As, on this July evening, I turned the last page of Mr. Patterson's story, the massed drums of heaven were beating the first notes of a very devil's tattoo of advancing thunder. Then came a crash like the stoving-in of the roof of hell; and, as the great Car of the Thunder-God rolled away over the hills and out to sea, there uprose, from the old town of Hastings below me, the insolent, assertive stridency of a barrel-organ, playing some vulgar music-hall air.

When I say that the strenuous tumultuousness of some parts of Mr. Patterson's book seems to me to have as little in common with the light tinkle of the average circulating-library novel as the rumble of thunder has with the rattle of the street piano, I shall seem to be indulging in exaggerated high-falutin'. But the comparison arose in my mind naturally and spontaneously, and shall stand. To the whole of the book it does not apply. As a whole "Fishers of the Sea" has very apparent faults. The author spills ink with something of a Berserker's fierce joy in the spilling of blood. His narrative runs turgidly at times, and is as clouded by excess of adjectives and of description, as a mountain stream is clouded by the rubble and stones which it has torn from the heart of old Earth.

But, admitting this—and the wonder is, not that in his first novel, as I take it to be, there should be some blemishes, but that of blemishes there should be so few—the story has something of elemental grandeur, of tragic dignity and sombre strength.

The unpretentious title accurately indicates the subject. Mr. Patterson knows the fisher-folk of Grimsby and the North Sea as intimately as Mr. Hall Caine knows the Manxman, and like Mr. Caine, he writes of primitive passions.

Pep' Hawksley, the hero, comes to blows with his rival in love, Paul Freath. The scene of the struggle is the deck of the *Antelope* when the two men are alone upon the vessel and out in the North Sea. Paul is knocked overboard by Pep' in a moment of frenzy, and is presumably drowned. Pep' gives out that his comrade's life was lost in a collision, and no doubt is thrown upon the statement until some time after when Pep', now happily married, leads the fishermen in a strike against what in Grimsby is known as "winter-fleeting." A drunken loafer, whom Pep' has deservedly thrashed, hints that Paul was murdered by Pep'; but no one takes the matter quite so seriously as Pep' himself, in whose mind remorse is at work. At this point Mr. Patterson condescends to the one piece of conventionalism in the story. He introduces that familiar stock figure of melodrama—a mysterious bearded stranger

* "Fishers of the Sea." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Murray.)

whose handwriting is so remarkably like that of the missing man that the reader is put upon a false scent, in order that the excitement and mystery may be sustained and the *dénouement* come with the greater surprise.

Thereafter we see Pep' rise to honour and riches in his native town, and arrive at last at the dignity of Mayor. It is not here that Mr. Patterson is at his best. Some one has said that it is impossible to be heroic in a high hat, and Mr. Patterson's sense of humour (there *is* a certain grim humour in the drawing of some of his characters) should have warned him of the difficulties of describing a Mayor and Mayoress who take their civic and social functions very seriously, what time His Worship is consumed by secret remorse, and the Mayoress is troubled because a councillor's wife has ridiculed her for "eating boiled pudding with a fork." I do not say that it cannot be done. I do not say that Mr. Patterson has failed to do it. On the contrary, the unendurable torture which Pep' suffers under the questionings of his wife, who now suspects that her husband is a murderer, is no less finely pictured than is the agony of remorse which drives Pep' at last to suicide. But Mr. Patterson's story is miles removed from that of the mere descriptive book-maker. His is the story of a man who must have felt and suffered intensely, who has sailed strange seas and seen strange sights, and it is not when he writes of mayoral functions, but of the sea and of the fisher folk he knows and loves, that the reader is compelled to something of the same heart-throb—something even of the same heart-break—that are to be felt in the pages of this strong and tragic and remarkable book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.*

To read this book is to be reminded of Arnold's lines:

> "What poets feel not, when they make,
> A pleasure in creating,
> The world, in its turn, will not take
> Pleasure in contemplating."

That is to say, if Arnold be indeed the author of this jangling rhyme, and did not quote it from some simpler poet. Anyhow, here is a book which its writer took a pleasure in creating. There are books written from a sense of duty; they are good and profitable, but many of them fail to give pleasure in contemplating. Rarely comes a book so happy over itself, so glad to be alive, as this latest work by Sir Frederick Treves. In every page the reader finds not only his own but the writer's enjoyment; which is more than can be said for ninety-nine descriptive books out of a hundred.

* "The Cradle of the Deep." By Sir Frederick Treves, G.C.V.O. 12s. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Parish Church, Kingston, Jamaica, after the Earthquake.
From "The Cradle of the Deep." (Smith, Elder.)

It is hardly the business of a reviewer to be *personal*. Maybe he ought to wait, for personalities, till the book has outlasted its maker and is left in the land of the living without the man who gave it life. Still, to anybody who knows Sir Frederick Treves, and what he has done in and for his profession, the mere handling of one of his books raises immortal memories; and the reviewer is transported not to the West Indies, but back into that crowd outside the railings of Buckingham Palace, waiting his turn to read the bulletin. This book was written by the man who saved the King from death; and when a man has occupied this curiously intimate relation to Providence, it seems a waste of time that he should write about the Indies; he ought to go on saving the lives of good kings.

But the book is admirable. It proves the old saying that doctors, when they write well, write very well. If there be a fault, it is that Sir Frederick is now and again so filled with the enjoyment of writing that the sentence becomes hot and overcrowded. He is too fond of words for their own sake, of telling phrases, hard-hitting adjectives, and vivid comparisons. Everything reminds him of something else. It is a fine fault, and there ought to be more of it in the literature of to-day; still, it counts as a fault, and the absence of an adjective or a simile may be made as descriptive as its presence.

Never was a book more alive. He is not content to describe, with the utmost wealth of language, the present state and aspect of the West Indies. He peoples every town with the famous or infamous men of its past, and understands well how to raise the dead. Raleigh and Drake and Dudley, Columbus, Nelson and Benbow and Picton, live and move through the book; and he has wonderful insight into the hearts of buccaneers, pirates, and all ruffians. Teach and Sharp and Kidd are here, drawn with singular felicity; not even Stevenson has

Port Royal: End of Chapel, after the Earthquake.
From "The Cradle of the Deep." (Smith, Elder.)

given us a more excellent portrait-gallery. Where did Sir Frederick get all this unholy knowledge?

He so loves the ways of humanity, including inhumanity, that he sees all Nature through man's eyes. Take, for example, his magnificent account of the eruption of Mont Pelée, the chapter which he calls "The Last Night in St. Pierre"; he follows in imagination the last hours of one of the many thousands who died on that night, guesses all her least words and actions, tracks and fancies her, as it were, from minute to minute, till the end comes. Or take the chapters called "St. Kitt's in all its Glory," and "Tom Bowling's Chantry"; they are masterpieces of romantic word-painting. History, adventure, hardship, escape, all appeal to him. As Stella said of Swift, that the Dean could make poetry out of a broomstick, so a bundle of old letters, or an epitaph, or an old number of a *Gazette*, sets Sir Frederick to reconstruct a whole scene and fill it with animation. His characters do not talk much; but they are so strong, so natural, that we see with our own eyes the past as clear as the present and as true.

It would be idle to speculate by what reaction from professional work, what liberation of talents long disused, this gift of happy and exhilarant writing has come to him. We have only to be thankful for what we have received, a book full of noble imagery and passionate romance.

THE GREAT PSEUDONYM.*

It is a circumstance calling for some comment that Mr. George Greenwood's book on "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" has not yet been seriously grappled with by Shakespearean authorities in the press. For it is a book which cannot by any possibility be ignored. It is not based upon assertion but upon argument. It hits hard at accredited "Stratfordian pundits," as Mr. Greenwood calls the orthodox, all round. With great audacity it takes the war into the enemies' camp and meets the charge of "Baconian" with one of "Stratfordian." But the attitude which the author takes up is primarily destructive. He exposes what he regards as fallacies on both sides. His own plea is merely this, that there exists a problem, a mystery about Shakespeare, that the matter is by no means a *chose jugée*, and that the discrepancies existing between existing authorities render all existing solutions totally inadequate. We entered the book from the point of view of the most rigid orthodoxy, and with a something of that contemptuous spirit which a conscious orthodoxy but too often engenders. The most clamant Shakespearean problem, we repeated to ourselves, is the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which Shakespeareans of all ages seem to entertain for one another. And it must be admitted that this foible of the Shakespeareani is most plentifully illustrated here. The chief critics are exhibited using every hard word against one another upon which they can lay their hands, and Mr. Greenwood goes beyond them all in the violence, far exceeding the bounds of literary courtesy, with which he assails the Tory party in this controversy. It may, perhaps, be his parliamentary experience which has betrayed him into badgering one or two of his adversaries with a persistence amusing enough in the heat of debate, but unbecoming and obsolete in cold printed controversy. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent pronouncement, deplored the disappearance of hard knocks from literary criticism. Mr. Greenwood can be relied upon to provide him with a banquet that would have delighted his possible ancestor the redoubtable George-a-Green, the fighting Pinder of Wakefield, himself. The point is, however, that having entered this book (as we have said) in a spirit of sanctimonious orthodoxy, we have emerged from it (despite some disgust at its persistent and unfair personalities) sick and sore at heart, our deepest convictions bleeding and battered, for the time being, at any rate, in a hardened, unrepentant, agnostic frame of mind.

Mr. Greenwood, it cannot be denied, is a writer of very considerable literary skill, judgment, and acumen. The fact that he is a Member of Parliament must, of course, tell against him as a writer on Shakespeare, but it ought not to be allowed to weigh too severely. What the reader cannot fail to observe, whatever be his prepossessions, is the remarkable skill with which this debater has husbanded his strength. He allows the chief acknowledged Shakespearean authorities to do all the heavy work themselves, and bases his own superstructure almost exclusively upon their relevant inconsistencies. Here is an example of his method. Mr. Churton Collins, in a series of most learned articles, "proved" that Shakespeare must have read Latin as easily as a cultivated Englishman of to-day reads French. Other authorities have shown that he must have acquired this Latin at school between the ages of nine and fourteen, since it is generally allowed that he left school "unusually early." Such a knowledge of Latin as Shakespeare exhibits in "Love's Labour's Lost," "Venus and Adonis," "As You Like It," etc. (in his wonderful coinages of words from the Latin and his elaborate academic puns such as Touchstone's "I am here with thee and thy *goats*, as the most *capricious* poet Ovid was among the *Gothes*"), could not possibly have been obtained by a boy of fourteen in a small provincial grammar school. Can it be, then, that the "Stratford rustic," as Messrs. Gosse and Garnett call Shakespeare, obtained this learning during the "veiled period" of his life from 1580 to 1590? Did he go abroad, as some of these authorities maintain and others as strenuously deny? If so, what becomes of the tradition about his acting as "serviture" at a London theatre? And how did he learn the profession of actor, in which he was sufficiently proficient by 1594 to act before the Queen? It is too true, as Mr. Greenwood points out, that the biographers use these "traditions" like putty for their own purpose and colour it differently for different effects. Analogous cases, so called, of Leonardo da Vinci, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Burns, Keats, and Dickens are disposed of by Mr. Greenwood with a force of logic which we do not feel called upon to dispute. It cannot be denied that the sort of accomplishments inseparable from the production of works such as "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Venus and Adonis" in 1592–3 or thereabouts are most difficult to marry to the meagre facts positively known about the "Stratford rustic" who left school "unusually early" and went neither to court nor to college, at home or abroad. Mr. Greenwood has succeeded in magnifying this discrepancy. Perpend now these "horsehairs" of cumulative evidence along with the fact that Shakespeare's father made his mark, that his favourite daughter could not write, and that the playwright was a man who not only had a Dickensian intimacy with the law of the police courts but a scholarly sense of recondite law expressions (a sense singularly lacking, as Mr. Greenwood shows, among his biographers), combine this with the singular silence of the chief theatrical diarists of the day, such as Henslowe and Alleyn, combine it with the difficulty raised by the alterations made in the plays (alterations made with an object far removed from stage success, as Mr. Swinburne demonstrates) by one who is said to have regarded a play merely from the point of view of £ *s. d.*, combine it with the disingenuous use that Shakespeare scholars have made of some of the early references to the playwright such as those of Chettle and "The Return to Parnassus"; combine finally the two epitaphs:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep. . . ."

and

> "And curst be he that moves my bones!"

* "The Shakespeare Problem Restated." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

and you will perhaps begin to share some of the uneasiness which this astutely constructed fabric of argument is likely to excite in the ranks of the faithful. Mr. Greenwood persists in regarding the orthodox, or "Stratfordians," as he calls them, as "in a tale," and as consciously twisting their literary criticism to suit their biographical hypothesis. This we believe to be absolutely unfair. The supposition, for instance, that Mr. Churton Collins defends the Shakespearean authorship of "Titus Andronicus" in order to uphold the "Stratfordian" view is a most gratuitous assumption. He does it obviously, in part, at any rate, because it accords with his conviction that Shakespeare was an excellent scholar, which in its turn forms one of the main planks in Mr. Greenwood's own argument! Inconsistencies may be found in this special plea; the author lays far too much stress on discrepancies of spelling, for instance; but the cumulative argument remains strong. We must admit that we should like to see a formal and combined defence. The weapons of offence used may be, most of them, old and more or less familiar, but the raggedness of the garrison has never been made quite so conspicuous.

Is it possible for the orthodox to compose their own internal differences? The positiveness, the petulance, and the dogmatism of the authorities have been responsible for much of the more or less calculated rudeness of the present exposition. This, we maintain, cannot be safely and indefinitely ignored. Mr. Greenwood may be an outsider, but he is an outsider to be reckoned with. We do not want any more authoritative displays. What we should like to see is a carefully reasoned argumentative defence, based upon reason and probability alone, on persuasion and not on "calling names best"—a defence that is a defence, in short, by the chief scholars involved against the positions assaulted by Mr. Greenwood. IGNOTO.

A FAMOUS PIONEER.*

If Sir Harry Johnston is, perhaps, guilty of some slight exaggeration in prophesying that, as the events of the last twenty-five years recede into history, no Grenfell will have left a more famous name than the missionary-explorer who is the central figure of this book, it must at least be conceded

* "George Grenfell and the Congo." By Sir Harry Johnston. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Hutchinson.)

A photograph of Grenfell, taken January, 1906, six months before his death.

From "George Grenfell and the Congo." (Hutchinson.)

Bungudi, the Mission engineer, and his wife.

(Bungudi was a Bateke boy, trained by Grenfell.)

From "George Grenfell and the Congo." (Hutchinson.)

that the forecast is not without substantial justification. For thirty-two years (1874 to 1906) Grenfell laboured almost continuously at his arduous task, and has left behind him a justly earned reputation as one of the most noble characters in the history of the foundation of the Congo Free State. It would be vain to attempt to give in a few sentences any adequate summary of what Grenfell accomplished, but a fairly good idea may be derived from the obituary notice (quoted by Sir Harry Johnston) which was written by the Belgian geographer, M. A. J. Wauters. "It is to Grenfell," wrote M. Wauters, "that we owe the earliest reconnoitring of most of the other navigable tributaries of the Congo," and he goes on to explain how finally Grenfell "completed by a reconnoitring expedition on the Kwango (and into the Lunda countries) the cycle of great discoveries which he had just made, revealing the existence of peoples established along the banks of a marvellous network of free waterways, a network which doubles the economic value of the Congo itself. His Lunda Expedition at the time infused greater energy and a deeper conviction into those whose gospel was then the construction of the Matadi Railway.... The most sensational of his discoveries was that of the Lower Mubangi, which gave rise to our hypothesis, whereby we identified this new river as the lower course of Schweinfurth's Welle."

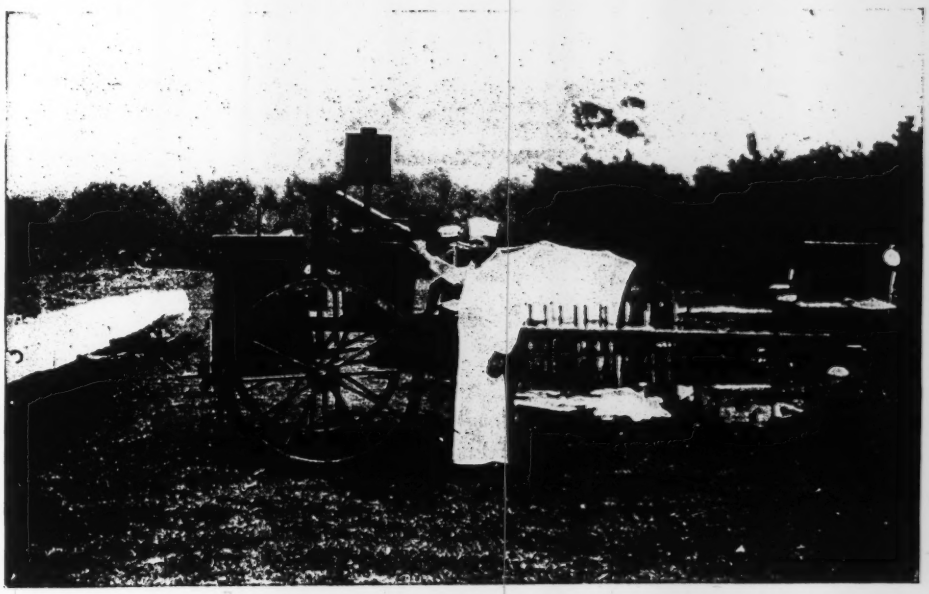
The religious aspect of Grenfell's mission Sir Harry Johnston has left to a minister of his Church. His own object has been to insist upon the enormous amount of good that has been accomplished by Christian missions in Africa from a purely ethical standpoint, and to call attention to the "gigantic contributions they have made to the store of the world's knowledge in philology, in folklore, in first-hand studies of primitive people, in contributions to botany, zoology, geography, and map-making." In practically every one of these departments just mentioned Grenfell acquired valuable information, and it is hardly saying too much when we affirm that the exposition of his

various discoveries could not have been entrusted to hands more capable than those of Sir Harry Johnston. In the second of these two volumes (the first is devoted wholly to accounts of Grenfell's work as an explorer and to the history of the Congo State) chapters are devoted to all these and kindred topics. It is not for the reviewer to say which of these chapters is the most interesting. The individual reader will decide that point for himself according to his personal predilections. One or two passages, however, may be picked out at random as possessing a peculiar interest. The chapter on the religious beliefs of the Congo negroes, for example, compels one's most earnest attention, and, greatly as some of the conceptions of God quoted differ, it is evident, as Sir Harry Johnston writes, that "so far from the average Congo negro being 'materialistic' in his conceptions of the world around him, he, like most savages, is profoundly 'animistic.' Everything of importance has a soul, an impalpable spirit behind it. Genii or fairies are believed in, apart from the souls of men." Another most fascinating chapter is that upon traditions, stories, folk-lore. One story rife among the Bangala is especially amusing. It runs as follows:

"The chimpanzi (esumbu) was every day chased by the children of the villages. They shot at him crowds of arrows and missiles of every kind. One day, however, he fled no longer; to the general astonishment of the people he was seen coming armed with a spear, and he even slew a man. Then said one of the negro chiefs to the great ape, 'Whoever has given you that spear?' The ape replied, 'I ask you, in my turn, who has robbed me of my spears? Did I not precede you here? Have you not taken my place, man? Am I not your father?'"

Some of the wise sayings of the Western Congo show much homely wit and common sense. For example, "Men do not kill with their mouths; we ought not to be angry over words," has reference to the very complete freedom of speech allowed at public meetings; while the universal practice of attending debates unarmed may, perhaps, be accounted for by the maxim, "We are tempted to strike when we go with a stick in the hand." The most curious feature about these meetings for public discussion is that the last word of each suggestion is uttered, not by the speaker, but by the meeting in chorus. Any one who fails in this variety of "missing-word competition," or who forgets to repeat it, is driven out. "He does not listen," the saying goes, "therefore he has no right to interfere in the discussion." In some things, one is almost tempted to think, the white man might do worse than take a wrinkle from his black brother.

No book upon such a subject as this would be complete without a reference to the Congo Question, and, while Sir Harry Johnston expressly disclaims the idea of trespassing upon the ground already so fully covered by Mr. E. D. Morel, Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne, and others, he has been well advised in adding his criticism also. This chapter is the more interesting because Sir Harry Johnston speaks with such manifest freedom from bias, and because Grenfell himself was "so firm a believer down to 1902 in the philanthropic intentions of King Leopold, that until that period he was very loth to join in open denunciation of the Congo Free State." Sir Harry Johnston sums up the situation very well when he declares that in the Congo has been seen "the last phase of that type of 'colonies' which began with the Spanish conquest of America, and was not absent from the middle-eighteenth century proceedings of the British in India, or from Bonaparte's conquest in Egypt." No notice of these most striking volumes ought to conclude without a reference to the many excellent and valuable illustrations. Not only are they excellently reproduced, but many have a great scientific importance.



The Stevanoff Kitchen, as used in the Bulgarian Army.
From "Washed by Four Seas." (Fisher Unwin.)

TOWARDS THE DAWN*

As Sir Martin Conway remarks in his concise, ideally sufficient preface to this book, the land of the Turks is stranger to most Englishmen than are the wilds of Central Africa. "Travellers and missionaries have made us at home amongst African natives. But it is safe to assert that the average man understands nothing whatever about people and affairs in the Balkan Peninsula." Mr. H. C. Woods has made two extended tours through that little-known region of the Near East, and "Washed by Four Seas" is a vivid and uncommonly interesting record of what he saw and learned on his journeyings.

Recent events in Turkey, the bloodless revolution that has accomplished itself there in these last few weeks, lend a special value to the chapters in which Mr. Woods describes Constantinople, sketches with shrewd insight his impressions of Turkish life and character, descants lightly on habits and customs, outlines the history of the Turks, and gives a survey of Mohammedanism and its effect. "Constantinople," he says, "is one of the few places in the world about which one cannot expect too much; I have never heard of any one who was disappointed with it," and his impressionistic pictures of the three towns that go to the making of the city recapture something of that glamorous Eastern atmosphere that the pages of the "Arabian Nights" have familiarised us with. His conclusions as to the moral influence of Mohammedanism are of course in its favour;

* "Washed by Four Seas." By H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Sir Martin Conway. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

he has even a good word to say for the manner of life in the harem; but he makes it clear that this religion which produces so much individual sobriety and prayerful faith is at the root also of the Sultan's tyrannical rule and the widespread corruption that prevails among the official classes.

Two chapters on the defences of Constantinople are of particular importance; Mr. Woods as an ex-officer in the Guards seems to have taken a natural, semi-professional interest in the military features of the city, and writes of them with an historical knowledge and a pleasant lucidity of style that appeal to the layman, and an alert intelligence and mastery of technical detail that should satisfy the expert. Other excellent chapters are those on the Bulgarians, and that on the Bulgarian army, which he considers perhaps the best army of any small European country: its officers are enthusiastic and thoroughly efficient; its men are a capable, well-equipped force, furnished with the most modern camping appliances, and it is so far ahead of most European armies that it has been trying experiments with a travelling kitchen, which looks like proving a successful innovation and one that will appreciably reduce the rigours of campaigning.

Whether you read "Washed by Four Seas" for the information it conveys or merely for entertainment, it will amply answer your expectations. Mr. Woods is a keen observer who thinks for himself and has the power of describing what he sees and of expressing his thoughts of it in simple, vigorous English. His book is illustrated with over sixty photographs and contains a serviceable map.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRANCE.*

There is one thing which Mr. W. L. George has not learnt from his long stay in France, and that is the Gallic literary quality of lightness of touch. Born, brought up, and educated among our neighbours, forced even to serve in the French army, this Englishman, who, after such a training in youth, has since spent several years in his own country observing the differences between the home of his adoption and his motherland, has some right to claim that he is qualified in a unique way to act as interpreter of France and the French to his fellow countrymen. But in his efforts—his very successful efforts—to combat English misconceptions about the French nation and its character he is rather too persistently strenuous and earnest. As he has set himself to show the erroneousness of the Englishman's notion that frivolity is the dominant Gallic trait, his pages are necessarily packed with argument. But he too rarely relieves the strain of close reasoning by jest or anecdote. His book is one long protest against the impressions, still largely prevalent among us, that France is a land given over to gaiety and pleasure-hunting; that the French are a light-hearted, light-loving folk with few domestic instincts; that their women, robbed of romance by the marriage of convenience, have few thoughts above dress and lovers; and that generally the race, while more passionate, is less moral, less steadfast, more lacking in solid qualities than our own. But in exposing these errors Mr. George adopts a cumbrous and somewhat solemn style, and permits himself too rarely to be witty or amusing. Always interesting, careful never to pass judgment till he has presented every aspect of a problem, he requires from his readers almost too alert an intelligence, too constant an application. Those, however, who are prepared to give Mr. George's weighty pronouncements the attention they merit will be struck by the thoroughness of his survey, and will be far from thinking, as he modestly suggests, that he has left any material point unnoticed. From the principles of the French constitution to the marriage customs or the birth-rate, from the topics of Socialism and of Church and State to the trade, colonies, education, and drama of France, there seems no phase of his subject that called for comment on which he is not illuminating and instructive.

Perhaps for the general reader the chapters on "The French Woman," "Marriage," and "Morality" will furnish the most piquant reading. Herein, while admitting that France is "over-sexed," Mr. George pays an eloquent tribute to the seriousness and sobriety of the nation and to the self-sacrifice for which it is always prepared in the interests of the family. He is loud in praise of the Frenchwoman alike as wife and mother. Her devotion to her husband's career and comfort, he confesses freely, makes her often parsimonious, but the hardness of temper which her preoccupation with money and material things involves is only, Mr. George contends, the defect of a splendid quality. Similarly, though he allows that French mothers over-pamper their sons and are scarcely "makers of men," he insists that the average woman's affection for her children is boundless. And if he has to grant that the bachelor in France sows his wild oats pretty recklessly, he denounces vehemently the calumny which reckons "second establishments" as part of the daily life of the land. Even the most convinced believer in the "levity" of the Frenchman has always made an exception in favour of the domestic virtues of the peasant. Mr. George maintains that the ordinary middle-class husband in France is no less home-keeping; he dines out, we are told, much less than does the Englishman in the same social position, and he has no instinct at all for club-life. So far indeed is our compatriot from thinking that the morality of the French people stands in any need of apology that he expresses wonder that the standard is so high in view of the fact that the fiction and drama and art of the country are all dominated by sex-feeling, and that consequently the average man is subjected to constant provocation. Mr. George has even a good word for the marriage of convenience, though on principle and from national sentiment he disapproves of the institution. He says:

> "The marriage of convenience represents a state of balance; in its train follow peace, sound domestic finance, education, and training for the child, comfort for its elders. It is comparable with a machine, smooth-running and noiseless, unlikely to get out of order, efficient and satisfactory."

There are other features of this study of "France in the Twentieth Century" on which it would be a pleasure to dilate, did space permit—notably the author's lucid analysis of the educational system of France, and again the nice balance he preserves in discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the nation's low birth-rate. On the population question Mr. George makes a remark which every travelled Englishman will endorse, that by reason of the smallness of French families the standard of living across the Channel is far higher than our own. But this critic is keenly alive to the other side of the picture, and he is not a little alarmed over the Frenchman's concentration on material comforts. Gazing at the rich crops of France and at its spacious territory in which there seems room for every member of the nation, Mr. George does not forget that across the frontier a rival people is growing steadily in population and trade, and is more and more feeling the need of "expansion." "Oblivious," says he, "of political dangers, the French continue to enjoy their lives soberly, to progress in education and refinement, and to cultivate the arts of peace; it is terrible to think that the time may come when payment for prosperity will be exacted to the full." Friends of France—and among their number must be counted every Englishman to-day—will fervently hope that such a forecast may never be realised.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "France in the Twentieth Century." By W. L. George. 6s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Novel Notes.

THE BLOTTING BOOK. By E. F. Benson. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

In "The Blotting Book" Mr. Benson makes something of a new departure, and presents us with a strong sensational novel that differs from its kind in being much better written than novels of that type usually are. Moreover, though it makes the most of its plot, it does not make it everything; there is some admirable characterisation; Mr. Taynton, the comfortable, genial, middle-aged lawyer, who is destined to play a sinister and unforeseen part in the mystery that the story develops, is a clever, subtle study in humanity. Mr. Mills, his partner, is found brutally murdered on the downs outside Brighton; circumstances bring their client, young Morris Assheton, under suspicion, and the truth is not revealed until near the close of a dramatic trial scene that is also the close of the book. The whole theme is handled very ingeniously; the interest and excitement gather strength as the tale advances, so that a reader once starting it finds himself caught in its toils and has no will to break away, but must needs go on and finish it at a sitting.

SERVITUDE. By Irene Osgood. 6s. (Sisley.)

Vivid imagination and ability to spin a yarn without allowing any of the threads to hang loose are gifts which every one must admit the author of "Servitude" possesses. Miss Osgood gets on to her story in her first sentence, and permits nothing to distract her attention from it, until she brings it to a triumphant conclusion at the end of nearly four hundred closely printed pages. The novel is a novel of incident. It describes the existence dragged out by those men and women who were so unhappy as to fall into the hands of the Algerine corsairs a hundred years ago, and the subject provides Miss Osgood with plenty of opportunities for exhibiting her peculiar talents. We are bound to say that we find the story unpleasant; the crude colours are laid on with a broad knife and much of the realistic detail is horrible in itself; but there are some good descriptive passages, any amount of incident, and we can quite believe that the book will find many readers.

A MISTAKEN MARRIAGE. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Lane.)

In many respects this is a good and even distinguished piece of work. The story is well put together, the character drawing is at once fine and firm, the dramatic situations are handled with praiseworthy restraint, the sentiment rings true, and the writing as a whole is on a high plane of merit. The interest is held throughout the book, which in essence is a passionate warning of the disaster that may be brought upon many lives by the want of a little courage on the part of a single individual. Arthur Morrison fancied he was in love with Sara Lovall. She was in love with him. He went to Africa to make his fortune, and there he met Aimee Davidson, the flamboyant, mercenary, and defiant wife of a complaisant and venal man. Riches came rapidly to Morrison, and for five years he poured them upon this unworthy woman, procrastinating with Sara, who supposed that poverty alone barred the way to happy marriage. Then she took the matter into her own hands, and came out to Africa to marry him; he had not the courage to tell her the brutal truth, and, disguising his moral cowardice under a false idea that it would be dishonourable to break his word, allowed the mistaken marriage to go through.

LEAVEN. By Douglas Blackburn. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Four things that become clear to any one reading "Leaven" are that the negro problem in South Africa is one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most momentous, problems of the day; that the brutal methods of treatment in favour with the majority of whites out there are not likely to solve it; that the kindly, humanitarian methods advocated by the minority are even less likely to do so; and that the safety, if not the very existence, of the usurping population depends on its solution. Bulalie, the Kafir, is drawn with amazing power and insight. You see him at first an unsophisticated young savage, living in his native kraal, afraid of his grim old father, infected with his father's fierce hatred of the white man, and yet secretly yearning to run away and revel in the joys of civilised life in Maritzburg, as a country boy among us hankers after the wonders and delights of London. In self-defence Bulalie kills his father in a quarrel, then runs away and has his desire. He works for a bullying English taskmaster, who cheats him out of his money; he is led ignorantly into committing a crime; he is charged with assaulting a white woman, when he is merely trying to get back from his landlady the diamond of which she has robbed him; he is flung into prison and suffers cruelly at the hands of his jailors; he slaves and arrives at a good position in a mining compound, and in the end gives his life to save that of the missionary who cannot convert him, and for whom he has no particular affection, but whom he reveres because he has found him "the only white man whose words are always true . . . the preacher who never lies." Mr. Hyslop, the missionary, is another able and convincing character-study. He goes out keenly enthusiastic, is discouraged and disillusioned from the hour of his arrival, yet never ceases to live up to his own high ideals of Christianity, nor to protest in and out of season against "the gross injustice, the universal conspiracy to regard the native as an animal—a mere beast of burden without soul or feeling." This is every way an original and an arresting story; it is alive with interest; its pathos and humour are unforced, and it is written by a man who brings to his work a profound knowledge of black and of white humanity, and a big-hearted sympathy with both.

THE BLOOM O' THE HEATHER. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The verses which conclude this volume of short stories are rather irrelevant. Why lines entitled "Proem" should be printed at the end of a book is a mystery which it is not worth while to solve. The stories themselves are mainly Scotch, and the best of them is the first. It describes the clerical career of a carter who was a handy man with his fists. Ninian finds his studies a sore trouble. "I'm nearly drove oot o' my wits wi' this weary Latin. It's Tacitus, man, and the God-forsaken brute leaves oot half the verbs. But I've wrestled in prayer for the Lord to vouchsafe me the victory. *Ye havena sic a thing as a Kelly's key aboot ye, hae ye?*" The story of Ninian's exploits is done in Mr. Crockett's best style. The rest of the stories are reminiscent of his earlier novels, but none the less readable on that account, though Mr. Crockett's humour is still superior to his tragedy, and much more to his sentimental vein. A story like "Big Sister" is worth three of tales like "First and Last," or "The Pest of the Village," or "The Junction Gang." One is a Carlist story, slight but pleasant. Yet it is on the heather or near the heather that Mr. Crockett usually contrives to make his characters appeal most to the reader. He has not many types, but those he presents are living enough. As, for example, the aristocratic schoolmistress in Edinburgh who belonged to the Episcopal Church. "She thought 'Protestant' quite the most degrading word in the Dictionary, with 'Reformation' a bad second. She called a minister, if he agreed with her, a priest, and if he didn't, a schismatic layman."

THE DAZZLING MISS DAVISON. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The present reviewer is bound to confess that he did not see through the plot of this clever, sensational story, till it was disclosed by the authoress towards the end. He made the experiment with another reader, who prides herself upon guessing "what is going to happen," but even she admitted that she was entirely baffled by Miss Davison's career. Obviously it would be unfair to give away the plot. All that can be said is that the heroine seems to her lover, and to the reader, to be a clever, unscrupulous thief. What she really is Miss Warden must be allowed to tell in her own way. The book is certainly an entertaining and exciting specimen of its class. The one drawback is that you lay it down with a sense of exasperation that you didn't see the secret all along. But that exasperation is a form of intellectual conceit, and the reader will do well to take the story of Miss Davison's mysterious pursuits in a humble and inquiring spirit. If he does so, he will be rewarded. Gerald, her puzzled and fatuous lover, is rewarded in his own way at the very last, and no one who has followed his persistent love-making will deny that he deserved his good luck.

THE COUNCIL OF JUSTICE. By Edgar Wallace. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Edgar Wallace takes us amongst "death-dealing" anarchists and a fearsome "Four Just Men" who retaliate on the anarchists and defeat their wicked machinations. The anarchists are all very bad men full of treachery, deceit, and cowardice, and bloodthirsty too we regret to say, and their organisation, the terrible "Red Hundred," with its enormous wealth, does unspeakable mischief with explosives. It even makes war on London, and its leader, the "Woman of Gratz," young and beautiful and pitiless, will stop at nothing. Mr. H. G. Wells's Martians dealt gently with London in comparison with the damage done to life and limb by these villains of Mr. Wallace's invention. As for the "Four Just Men," they are super-men with a vengeance, and the Count of Monte Christo was a fool beside them. We feel that "The Council of Justice" sternly pursuing its ends ought to make our flesh creep; but it doesn't, in spite of all the author's ingenuity. Scotland Yard provides a little light relief in this amazing chronicle of impossibilities, and there are occasional flashes of humour illuminating the lurid tale. We hope the "Woman of Gratz," converted from her unladylike ways, met the all-conquering Manfred in the end and married him, but we can't be sure.

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a strong and powerful story of life under United States rule in the Philippines, written with an ability far exceeding the gifts of the average novelist. It is an indictment of the intrusion of party politics, of the "political machine," into colonial government, a fierce and bitter onslaught on the "man and a brother" policy in the Far East. But the book—for "The Little Brown Brother" stands above mere fiction, it is literature—contains a great deal more than views on East and West. (We confess we are tired of hearing of the "unchanging East." The process is slow, but East and West, North and South, man moves and must ever move, as surely as the grass grows.) It is the picture, so skilfully painted by Mr. Hyatt, of the islands round Manilla and of their inhabitants that holds our attention. With all his pronounced opinions Mr. Hyatt is too good an artist to let racial and political convictions spoil his narrative. Rascality and heroism, courage and cowardice are displayed at work amongst both Americans and Filippinos. That the hero—a typical "white" man—and the heroine—as brave as she is beautiful—are both British is, of course, a satisfactory matter. "The Little Brown Brother" is a remarkable piece of work, a story of exciting events in a strange land admirably related.

The Bookman's Table.

THE IRISH POEMS OF ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. 2s. net. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co.)

The mere curiosity of thousands about the other verses of the author of "Father O'Flynn" is a good enough excuse for the publication of this book. Added to this there is a preface by Dr. Douglas Hyde, than whom there is no one more deeply versed in Irish matters. He says that Mr. Graves's verses of the "Father O'Flynn" type used to remind him of Samuel Lover. But those he recommends here are of later birth, and show the "effect of the Gaelic revival upon one who does not know Gaelic, but who, being an Irishman and a scholar, has felt bound to keep in touch with the modern development of his country and her literature." Of this new spirit in Mr. Graves's work he gives a most interesting example in this verse:

"I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,
With no kind 'Good-day' on the way from the many I meet.
Still with looks cold, high they go by, not one brow now unbends,
None holds out his hand of the band of my fair-weather friends."

It can be seen at a glance that Mr. Graves has not become one of those purveyors of a flimsy jargon, neither English nor Irish, which is so well suited to the half-thoughts and invented emotions of a set of mountebanks. He has founded his work securely on the earlier traditions of Irish poetry, instead of on the greatest living Irish poet, that most dangerous of masters. And the result is often delightful. Some of the pieces from the early Irish, for instance, introduce us to those clear, concise pictures in which Celtic literature is unrivalled. For example, in "The First Winter Song":

"Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows
Wild geese mourn
O'er misty meadows."

Some of his own pieces recover the same spirit, while "I shall not die for love of thee" and the like need only an old air to make them perfect. The greater number are short lyrics. But at the end are a number of tales in English or Anglo-Irish, humorous, pictorial, and pathetic, and including a version of the story of Aristæus, Orpheus and Eurydice, after Virgil.

NEW TRUTHS FOR OLD. By Robb Lawson. 2s. 6d. net. (The New Age Press.)

Mr. Robb Lawson, having written some little papers of the "turnover" type for the *Literary Guide*, the *Ethical World*, and other distinguished periodicals, collects them into a volume called "New Truths for Old." It is surprising how poor a book one can make by stringing together a dozen little essays that are individually not at all bad. Mr. Lawson's book is a case in point. Read, say, "The Failure of Success," or "The Use of Enemies," or "The Sorrow of Wisdom" (observe these titles) in successive numbers of a periodical, and you enjoy them without violence; but read them with nine or ten others in a volume, and violence keeps breaking in on the negative side. This doesn't seem fair, we admit; but it is unfortunately true. We think Mr. Lawson should have let well alone. However, the reader who will take the essays at the rate of not more than one a week may feel fairly certain of getting his money's worth.

THE GREAT COMPANIONS. By Henry Bryan Binns. 2s. net. (Fifield.)

Mr. Binns is the author of "A Life of Walt Whitman," and his new book is conspicuously the result of his discipleship. His prose poems, or whatever we choose to call them, are divided into paragraphs invariably consisting of one sentence each. Thus their appearance corresponds with their real disjointedness, and this is the less justifiable because it is not easy to find proofs of any such universal inspiration as drove Whitman to the same form. The discipline of normal prose would be no bad thing for the writer, we should say. Here and there he submits to the discipline of verse, rhymed and unrhymed, and seldom without advantage. At the end of "The Coming of Man," for example, there are some stanzas of which these are specimens:

"Man is my name, and my spirit is free;
Mine are the laws, and behold, I am free of them,
Garments are they that I doff or I don,
Mine for my service or else I have done with them.

"Are they my body? are they my breath?
Are they my purpose that now they should hinder me?
I am the maker and master of laws,
Man is my name, and my spirit is liberty. . . .

"I am come up out of fear and desire,
Quick in my nostrils the breath of the fellowship,
Out from mine eyes flash the forms that endure,
Throbs through my pulses the music that marshals them.

"For I was meek, for I was mild,
For I was penitent, humble and patient,
Therefore my heart is the heart of the Lord
And I accomplish the joy of creation."

That is a great deal more brief and more clear than Mr. Binns's prose. Yet even so the time should now be ripe for an expression of Whitman's ideas in a much less vapourish form than this. The core of Mr. Binns's work is sound. It is genuine if it is not inevitable. It makes for sympathy, for utterance, for awakening; and we welcome it.

OLD ENGLAND. By W. Shaw Sparrow. Pictures by James Orrock, R.I. 24s. net. (Nash.)

Author, artist, and publisher are each to be warmly congratulated on his share in this book. It is arranged on a well-thought-out plan, is charmingly written in an easy, gossipy, picturesque style that is admirably suited to its theme; the pictures by Mr. Orrock, many of them in colour, are exquisite examples of his delicate art, the light and atmosphere, the spirit and beauty of English landscape are captured and enshrined in them; and in the matter of type, paper, printing, and the reproduction of these illustrations the volume is a very handsome piece of work. The idea of it is that the story of Old England should be mirrored in her scenes. To quote from Mr. Sparrow's introduction:

"In illustrated works the great difficulty is to find a scheme by which the pictures and the text will be bound together in a whole. The present book has eighty plates, all of historic country scenes, and the plan which I have tried to carry out is one suggested by the drawings. The chapters are necessarily in the nature of roundabout papers, but they give in the right sequence, I hope, the purpose of the plan, namely, to show what historic landscapes represent in England's progress from the coming of Cæsar to the present day."

Artist and author have, in short, taken a trip together "through our country's social history, from the Roman to the jerry-builder." Mr. Sparrow argues ingeniously and soundly that a landscape painter who paints historical landscapes is as much of an historical painter as is the artist who portrays historical persons and events, and he exemplifies his argument in these pages. Opening with a chapter on the sea-coast and the sea, and illustrating it with the scene of William the Conqueror's landing-place, which was perhaps also Cæsar's, he passes to a pleasantly informing talk on the influence of roads and bridges, of how they built in Old England, of the churches, of the forests, of war and the ancient castles, of sheepfolds and shepherds, typical features of natural scenery, the work of nature that outlasts the centuries, the works of men that survive and remain as a memorial long after those who delved and planted and builded are forgotten in the dust. These things are visible history; Mr. Sparrow writes it down, and everywhere the pictures are the complement of his story. You may differ from him when he touches on political economy; you may not even agree with all his art criticisms, but you cannot fail to find his book a valuable and wholly enjoyable chronicle.

THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (Lane.)

These collections of seemingly random reflections on the widest range of subjects, like "The Garden of Epicurus," or the "Pensées" of Joubert, are an art form peculiar to French literature. At first sight this might appear an engagingly simple method of working. It looks as though you had an idea and just jotted it down and went on to whatever occurred next. But in reality this apparently simple method demands a severity of restraint compared with which essay-writing is easy as A.B.C. For each of these fragments is the distilled essence of prolonged thought. It would be only too easy to expand them, and yet there is nothing essential to be added. They are no more unfinished than a Whistler etching is unfinished because the lines do not cover the whole of the paper. Nowhere has M. France been more prodigal of his ideas. A tenth part of the ideas in "The Garden of Epicurus" would richly equip the average essayist. A book so rich in pregnant and suggestive aphorisms cannot be summarised. It defies review and can only be read and quoted. It is packed with wisdom, sometimes cynical, often tender, always penetrating and delicately humorous. The reviewer is tempted to quote wholesale, but space forbids, and we must be content with one quotation only—"a beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibres of our soul."

THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO. By Graf Sternberg. Translated from the German by Ethel Peck. With 12 illustrations by Douglas Fox-Pitt, R.B.A. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This book, if we may venture the expression, is a treat. It is short, and tremendously emphatic. The author, Count Sternberg, is an Austrian noble, and so we need hardly say is an ardent Conservative, with a fierce disdain of Social Democrats, especially when they happen to be French. On a day, Count Sternberg, with an Englishman happily named Douglas Fox-Pitt, went to Morocco, and saw that which moved him to great wrath. He, a sturdy Conservative, beheld a true Conservative country that had conservatively slept for centuries, being stirred up and made to move by horrid Frenchmen. Forthwith he poured out his disgust in a torrent of words, while Mr. Fox-Pitt, as a good R.B.A. should, sate him down and produced delightful little blobby water-colours full of light and movement. In the intervals of denunciation, Count Sternberg gives us some admirable vignettes of Moroccan life and scenery, mingled with criticisms of several eminent European nations. Once he hated Englishmen, and in the Boer War fought against us; but since we have given the Boers their political freedom, he admires us immensely without distinction of party: for if the Liberals gave self-government to the Transvaal, Mr. Balfour promised it personally to Count Sternberg some time before. The reader will gather that the Barbarians of the title are not the Moors, but the French with their boulevardish notions of civilisation. If the Algeciras Treaty were torn up, the diplomatists banished, and Morocco allowed to sleep again (under German supervision), it seems that there would be at least one country worth living in. A bright and breezy book, which every one will enjoy even though they dissent from its opinions. The translation is first-rate, and reads like original work.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

The last few years have seen an extraordinary increase of Shakespeareana, that is, not merely editions of the plays, but studies of Shakespeare's contemporaries and of his editors. It was long a common error to think that Shakespeare was neglected in the eighteenth century, the truth being that he was zealously studied by the greatest man of letters in each generation of the century. No critic deserves more attention and respect than Samuel Johnson, and Professor Raleigh was happily inspired to bring together in one convenient volume **Johnson on Shakespeare** (2s. 6d. net). The book contains Johnson's prospectus for his edition, his celebrated Preface, an essay from "The Rambler," and the best of his critical notes. The last are especially a great boon to all students of the plays, for they have long been inaccessible except in early editions. And last but not least, the volume has a preliminary essay by Professor Raleigh himself. It is refreshing to come on such a verdict as this on Johnson: "It is good to remember that the dictator, when he was in a happy vein, was, above most men, sensible, courteous and friendly. The best of his notes on Shakespeare, like the best of his spoken remarks, invite discussion and quicken thought."

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

The series of Types of English Literature edited by Professor Neilson is already well known to scholars in this country. It is noted for the originality and scope of its method, and its freshness is undeniable even if its classification at times appears freakish. The latest addition to it is **Tragedy,** by Professor A. H. Thorndike (6s. net.). This is a very thorough and workmanlike review of an enormous subject. Most attention is given, naturally, to the sixteenth century, but the survey extends to the beginning of the nineteenth. As an instance of the author's determination to cover the ground we may mention that he includes the seldom-read plays of Sir Walter Scott. Books of this kind which enable us to see our literature from an un-English point of view are always interesting and generally suggestive. As in some of the other volumes of the series, we are struck here by a seeming want of proportion and by the inclusion of names that critics on this side of the Atlantic would not think it necessary to mention.

MESSRS. WHITCOMBE & TOMBS.

A book for poets and poetry-lovers to take note of is one which comes to us from a New Zealand writer, **Shingle-Short, and other Verses,** by B. E. Baughan (5s. net). "Shingle-Short" is Australasian for deficient in intellect, and the first long poem, from which the volume takes its name, is concerned with one of these poor "deficients," and his common daily outside circumstances, and his strong uncommon life of thought and soul. The whole poem is written with ease and unaffected strength, and the effect is vigorous and clean-cut. In another poem, "The Eternal Children," we have lines which truly glow and sparkle and ring with colour and light and music; the brightness of sun, the wonders of sea and shell, the gleam of gems are in them. A poet from New Zealand is always sure of an attentive reading over here, and Mr. Baughan certainly deserves it.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

"Hadrian built a wall," and an enthusiastic and genuinely interested lady, Maria A. Hoyer, set out one day to go and see it, and what she found and how she found it are matters chronicled in an attractive volume entitled **By the Roman Wall** (2s. 6d. net). Some of us have thought of Hadrian's wall as one shape, some as another, some have pictured it stretching tidily across England, some have a vague idea it may have been across Rome, and some have not thought about it at all. Miss Hoyer, however, found it and traced it and followed the noble barrier, and she has enshrined her serious experiences as an antiquary, together with her lighter experiences as a cheerful tourist, in this chronicle, which is at once informing and amusing. An excellent map is given of the wall's course from the Tyne to Solway Firth, and sketches and photographs complete a delightful book.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.

"Thistle Anderson" has written with success in the past, and in her present volume, **Dives' Wife, and other Fragments** (2s. 6d. net), facility and an appreciation of dramatic situations are again to be found. The method of collecting short sketches and stories and putting them together between covers is a severe test for most writers: sameness and repetition are apt to impress the reader to the disadvantage of the writer. "Thistle Anderson's" "fragments" in this volume are concerned rather too frequently with the unhappiness of a woman caused by a brutish man; but she is, as she claims to be, sincere, and she gives vivid and well-expressed hints of Bush life and scenery which bear the undoubted trace of first-hand experience.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Routledge have sent us a new edition of that bookman's book, **The Book Hunter** of John Hill Burton (2s. 6d. net). It is edited by J. Herbert Slater, and forms a volume in "The London Library," in which these publishers have included many lesser-known delights of literature. Burton, we suggest, would not have approved of the type and binding which are too often the signs of a cheap edition; he revelled in fine, excellent leathers and all that makes a book a pleasure to hold; but followers of Burton will, at any rate, appreciate to the full the editing of Mr. Slater, with its informing notes. Mr. Slater has admirably selected the salient points for explanation and allusion, and has elucidated them, where elucidation was necessary, in a sensible, amusing, and at the same time dignified manner.

From the Clarendon Press comes a quiet-looking volume of **Selections from Erasmus,** made by Mr. P. S. Allen (3s. 6d. and 4s.). The book is, primarily, one for beginners, for as Mr. Allen says, Latin to Erasmus was a living language, and his straight-ahead style is quickly interesting. It makes the early period vivid to us again when we read of the sage's dinner-party at Oxford, his journeys and his conversations, his life in an English home, and his intimacies with More and the wonderful circle which surrounded that strongly gentle statesman. Notes and vocabulary are added, and the "Selections" can be recommended as admirable both for schools or private tuition.

Hypatia, one of the first novels in which a serious attempt was made to represent the heights and depths of conduct in the degraded yet great fifth century, is now reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan in excellent and inexpensive style (1s. net). It is a new volume in this firm's handy edition of Charles Kingsley's works.

The unique **Eothen** of Kinglake is now published by Messrs. Nelson at the price of sixpence. It is quite the book for the traveller, being "pocket-size" and printed in noble type.

Boys and girls, students and politicians, lovers of fiction and lovers of fact, will all find something to enthrall and inform them in Mr. George E. Boxall's **Story of the Australian Bush-rangers** (5s. net), which Mr. Fisher Unwin is reprinting. It is a book which has stood the test of time and is fresh and trustworthy as ever. Adventure and statistics combine to make it a book for pleasure and for serious reference.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOAS, MRS. F. S.—Heroes of Israel. 1s. 4d. (Horace Marshall)
MACKAY, THE LATE REV. A. M.—Sermons on the Future Life. 1s. net .....(Stockwell)
Plato's "Apology of Socrates." Edited with Introduction and Notes by Harold Williamson, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan)
WILLSON, BECKLES.—Occultism and Common-Sense. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie)

FICTION.

ANDERSON, THISTLE (MRS. HERBERT FISHER).—Dives' Wife, and other Fragments. 2s. 6d. net (Alex. Gardner)
BENSON. E. F.—The Blotting Book. 2s. 6d. ..(Heinemann)
BOWDEN, H. PARK.—Drama in Mid-Air. 1s. net. (Ouseley)
BULLOCK, SHAN F.—A Laughing Matter. 6s. (Werner Laurie)
BURGESS, W. V.—The Billiard Marker. 3s. 6d. net. (Sherratt & Hughes)
CONRAD, JOSEPH.—A Set of Six. 6s. .....(Methuen)
CROCKETT, S. R.—The Bloom o' the Heather. 6s. (Nash)
DE SÉLINCOURT, HUGH.—The High Adventure. 6s. (Lane)
EYRE, ARCHIBALD.—The Leading Lady. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
FLETCHER, J. S.—The Harvest Moon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
GERARD, MORICE.—The Pursuer. 6s. ..(Eveleigh Nash)
GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Abbey Mystery. With frontispiece. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
GOODMAN, G. S.—A Mysterious Abduction. 6s. (Greening)
HAMILTON, LLEW.—The Wirrals. 3s. 6d. net (Stockwell)
HILL, HEADON.—Her Splendid Sin. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
HOOLEY, TERESA M.—The Magic Chariot, and other Fairy Stories. 1s. 6d. .....(Stockwell)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Green Mummy. 6s. ..(John Long)
KOEBEL, W. H.—The Singular Republic. 6s. (Francis Griffiths)
LEONARD-COWPER, J.—In the Portion of Jazreel. 6s. (John Long)
LILBURN, ADAM.—Rose Campion's Platonic. 6s. (Greening)
MACDONALD, W. A.—The Oldest Story. 1s. net (Questall Press)
MOTT, F. BLOUNT.—God in San Dam. 6s. ..(Greening)
PERKINS, ROSE.—Sinner and Judge, and other Stories. 1s. net .....(Stockwell)
RYVEN, GEORGE.—The Mightiest Power. 6s. (Francis Griffiths)
SCOTT, C. A. DAWSON.—The Burden. 6s. ..(Heinemann)

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Discovery, Exploration, and Adventure in Sub-arctic Alaska. The First Ascent of Mt. McKinley, 1903-1906

By FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.
Author of "Through the First Antartic Night."

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